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Sunday, May 22, 1932



Enchanting Fairyland Lovers

By the Distinguished English Artist
Edmund Dulac

THE PRINCESS AND THE ENCHANTED STAG —

ONCE there was a beautiful Princess and her brother, and their stepmother was a wicked witch. She changed the brother into a stag. The Princess and he hid in the forest. One day the King was hunting, and chased the stag to his sister. The King fell in love with the Princess. He took her to his palace and married her. The stag went along. The King thought it only a pet. After awhile the Princess had a baby. The stepmother killed her and put her one-eyed ugly daughter in the royal bed. By magic, she made her appear like the Princess, all except the missing eye which she couldn't restore. So the false Princess had to stay in bed and lie on her side so the missing eye wouldn't be noticed—uncomfortable and monotonous, but after all, one never gets anything for nothing. Three nights the dead Princess walked into the nursery and kissed the child. Then the King discovered the truth. The wicked stepmother and her daughter were burned. The Princess came to life. The stag became again a little boy. They may be dumb in fairyland, but goodness is always rewarded and the wicked do get punished.

Nevada's Relics of Giant Sloths, Dairy Cattle of Primitive Man



The Tropical Sloth of Today, a Midget of the Species, Which Spends Most of Its Time Hanging From Tree Branches.

FEW scientific "finds" relating to remote antiquity have aroused greater interest than the recent discovery, in Gypsum Cave, Nevada, of skeletal remains of giant sloths. Relics of human habitation found on the same spot seem to prove beyond doubt that a primitive race lived on this continent in the days of those long-extinct megasterns, the last of which are believed to have perished before the end of the Age of Ice, not less than 30,000 years ago.

One reason why the giant sloths are interesting is that they seem to have been the first animals domesticated by man for milk supply. But there were at least half a dozen species of them, the largest being the megatherium, twice as big as a good-sized elephant, which, in this country, ranged as far north as Oregon. Remains of another species have been found all the way from Florida to Virginia.

The Gypsum Cave is a cavern 300 feet long and 120 feet wide, 20 miles east of Las Vegas, Nev., and overlooking the distant gorge of the Black Canyon, the site of Boulder Dam. Great accumulations of manure indicate that it was anciently occupied by a numerous herd of the huge creatures.

Large numbers of darts found in the cave, with some dart-shafts evidently used for discharging the missiles, suggest the idea that a party of hunters attacked the herd of sloths in their underground habitation and wiped them out. They were exceedingly sluggish and stupid beasts, with little ability to defend themselves.

To the recent explorers the cavern



Scientific Reconstruction of a Giant Sloth Which Experienced No Difficulty Whatever in Tearing Up Trees as a Man Would Pluck a Flower.

yielded not only many bones, but also fragments of recognizable sloth hide and masses of coarse reddish-brown hair. A number of huge claws were dug up. Of particular interest were parts of the skeleton of a baby sloth. In their day, the giant sloths must have been rather numerous in this country. Many of their bones have

been dug out of the famous "asphalt pool" on the Rancho La Brea, in Southern California, which was, during many thousands of years, a deadly trap for all kinds of animals. Skeletons of elephants and the long-extinct saber-toothed tigers have been recovered from its sticky depths.

The giant sloths were short-legged,



The Skeletal Left Hind Foot of a Giant Sloth Taken by Explorers From Gypsum Cave, Nevada.

ungainly brutes, with four toes on each forefoot and three toes on the hind feet. They browsed on the foliage of trees, sometimes uprooting the trees by squatting on their mighty haunches and yanking them out of the ground.

In a large cave near Last Hope Inlet, in Southern Patagonia, have been found quantities of sloth bones, hair and pieces of hide inside of a walled enclosure built of rough stones. It is theorized to a depth of several feet with

manure and in one corner is a great store of hay, evidently cut for forage.

The inference is that the ancient Patagonians kept the sloth in captivity for the sake of their milk. They would hardly have stabled them in this way for meat supply, inasmuch as it would have been easier to hunt and kill the sluggish beasts in the open. But the female sloth carried on the under part of her body a series of huge udders, which must have yielded milk in quantities.

It is even possible that the primitive Patagonians bred the sloth in captivity, an idea that gains plausibility from the circumstance that some of the bones found in the cavern are relatively small and evidently those of young animals.

Africa's Primitive Telegraph

THE white man is justly proud of his conquest of time and space with the means of rapid communication he has devised, but centuries before the telegraph was perfected, or radio was dreamed of, the black tribesmen of Africa had developed a system of talking in code, a system still in use today and one amazingly swift and accurate.

Many white men have seen the drums which are the sending and receiving instruments of Africa's telegraph system, but none of them have been able to master the mysterious code language used in the sending of messages, or to duplicate the skilful dexterity of the drummers who devote their lives to learning the complicated code and the tricks of making the many sounds of this code understandable to their fellow men.

The photograph below shows one of the most expert of African telegraphers, the chief drummer of the Ashantis, a tribe living on the Gold Coast of West Africa. As so many of his brother drummers do, he uses two drums. The head of each instrument is tuned to a different pitch, which enables him to beat twice as many differ-

ent sounds as he could on a single drum and makes it possible for him to send out his signals speedily and accurately. When atmospheric conditions are right the hearing of drums of this type can be heard as far away as fifteen miles.

Some years ago a scientist leading an expedition into the jungles of West Africa learned for himself how efficient Africa's primitive telegraph is. As his caravan approached each village, he was met by a curious reception committee of blacks who knew his name, what he was doing in their part of the jungle, how many white men and native carriers he had with him, how long he expected to remain in the village and where he was going after he departed.

All this information, he learned, had been relayed far into the jungle by tribal drummers. In certain cases the news of his presence and purpose in a land seldom visited by white men traveled at the rate of 150 miles an hour.

The biggest of the telegraphic drums are made of specially selected tree trunks and are 12 feet long and five feet in diameter. The smallest of the drums can be carried under the arm.

Every tribal chieftain and sub-chief has his private call. When he wants to send orders to his tribesmen, the drummer pounds out this private set of signals and then beats out whatever message the chief wants sent. The professional drummers seldom make mistakes in sending or picking up messages, for when they make errors in important information they pay for their inaccuracy with their lives.



A Native of the Ashanti Tribe of the African Gold Coast Beating a "Telegraphic" Message on Two Drums, Which Have Surprising Carrying Power. The Message Will Be Picked Up by Other Tribal Drummers Miles Away and Relayed Further Into the Jungle.



Miss Rose Sachoff, the Soviet Girl With the Soulful Eyes, Who Has Been Granted Special Permission to Tour Europe.

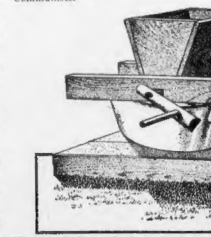
The Soviet's Official "Vamp"

MILIE ROSH SACHOFF, known as "The girl with the soulful eyes," has been granted permission by the Soviet to tour Europe. Russians are not allowed to leave Russia without a permit. Each citizen of the Soviet is really a slave working for the government. He comes or goes or stays where he is, or does what he is ordered to do by the Bolshevik leaders in Moscow.

But if a faithful Communist agrees to work earnestly to spread the doctrine of Communism while abroad, he will send back to the Soviet a share of his or her earnings, and will promise to come right home whenever ordered to return—then trusted propagandists are permitted to go abroad.

Miss Sachoff has served to all these conditions, and will set forth from her native country as a sort of unofficial ambassador of Communism, in which she is an ardent and eloquent believer. In fact, the officials who told her that she might appear on the stage in other European countries—"the girl with the soulful eyes" is a dancer—seem to believe that she will do more to spread the tenets of Communism than a dozen trained diplomats. For Madame Sachoff has charm, beauty and, to use a somewhat more modern term—sex appeal. Apparently the men who permitted the Russian dancer to take a holiday from her native soil are convinced of the truth of the old adage that "You

can catch more flies with molasses than with vinegar." And the dancer's popularity in Moscow and Leningrad indicates that her looks, her personality and her bewitching eyes combine to make her anything but human vinegar. She is a sugar or, perhaps, molasses. More than that, she is refined and cultured. She is at ease with diplomats and ditch diggers—both of which are prospective Communists.



Home-made Grape Crusher. In the Bottom of the Hopper Is a Grooved Cylinder Made From a Rolling-pin, Which, When Rotated, Squeezes the Grapes, Releasing Their Juice in the Pan Beneath.

How to Make Grape Juice and Wine at Home

GRAPES are cheap, a bushel will yield three to four gallons of juice, and the U. S. Department of Agriculture explains how anybody can make grape juice at home. If you forget to boil the grape juice you will have wine—but, of course, nobody would be so careless.

The Department is anxious to encourage the development of the grape-growing industry, particularly in California, which has become a land of vineyards, and, with this aim in view, it is going to get out a bulletin explaining how simple and easy it is.

In home manufacture, the only difficulty is to make the juice behave. It always contains great numbers of the yeast germs which, if permitted, will convert its sugar into alcohol; and that can be prevented only by heating it. If this precaution be not taken, the grape juice becomes wine—a terrible thing to happen.

The grapes should be clean and ripe. They should be stripped from their stems before crushing them.

When only small quantities of grapes are to be handled, they may be put into a drain-bag of strong muslin or doubled cheesecloth, suspended over a receptacle and pressed by hand.

They may be placed in a deep vessel and crushed with a potato-masher. But it is better to use a small and inexpensive home-made crusher, its cylinder made from an ordinary rolling-pin.

The way to make this simple apparatus is explained in the above-mentioned bulletin, which anybody can get by writing to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

The "free run" juice released from the pulps and skins of the ruptured grapes may be drained off and put up separately, because of its extra-fine quality. Further pressure will obtain from the mass of crushed fruit an additional quantity of palatable juice.

Care should be taken to crush the seeds and disintegrate the skins, lest an undesirable flavor result.

To insure that the juice shall be clear and bright when finally put up, it should be allowed to stand for four to six hours, or

overnight, in vessels of enamel ware, sterilized with boiling water.

The juice should be filtered through a clean double cheesecloth, a process best accomplished by dipping, pouring or siphoning.

The juice, as soon as filtered, should be poured into sterilized bottles or jars. To prevent fermentation, and consequent development of alcohol the containers should not be filled up to the tops.

This undesirable happening, which would convert the innocent grape juice into wine, may be prevented by immersing the sealed bottles or jars in hot water for a few minutes.

The bottles, or jars, may then be stored on shelves for a period of three or four months, during which the juice may be seen to undergo a progressive clarification. It finally becomes a clear liquid, with some sediment at the bottom of each jar. When wanted for use, it may be poured out without disturbing the sediment.

After the grapes have been crushed and the juice has been drawn off, there remains a mass of "pomace" which may be used in making various home products, such as grape jelly, grape sauce, grape butter, grape sauce, and grape cake. The Department of Agriculture will gladly tell the home folks how these products may be prepared.

After acid varieties of grapes are used, sugar may be added, a teaspoonful to the gallon, to improve the flavor of the juice. But addition of sugar tends to raise the percentage of alcohol if the juices undergo fermentation.

Commercial grape juices are mostly derived from Concord grapes. But grapes of other kinds yield juices equally attractive to the palate and eye. Muscadine grapes of the Thomas variety, for instance, yield a clear, brilliant, yellow juice; and white juices are obtained from the Latham and Scuppernon grapes.



A Grape Crusher, Such as Can Be Bought Cheaply. It Is Designed for Making Grape Juice in the Home.

A New Kind of "Cruelty" Wins Her Divorce

Frances Williams, Attractive Blonde Musical Comedy Queen, Could Forgive a Black Eye From Her Husband Who Played Saxophone Accompaniment, But When He Played Off

Key and Missed Beats--

That Was "Professional Cruelty" and Unforgivable



Frances Williams in a Boy's Stage Costume as a Cute Little Page.



Lester Clark and Miss Williams in a Loving Honey-moon Pose. But a Month Later the Orchestra Leader Struck a Divorce Which Wrecked the Marriage.

Miss Williams in Another Stage Costume.

NOT many years ago in England a husband was recognized as the head of the household, and to enforce his authority the law permitted him to chastise his wife. Many were the cracked heads and sore backs of disobedient women. But gradually this theory of man's rights was changed until the law forbade him to beat his wife, but he could scold her, lock her up in a room and inflict punishment by depriving her of comforts, luxuries and pleasures.

But even this method of enforcing his authority was finally taken away from the "master." Language that was too severe or privations that were too rigorous were forbidden on the theory that they were "cruel." So cruelty of the club or the fist was extended to include harsh words or severe home restraints.

And so the theory of cruelty has been refined and extended until the most common claim for divorce now is based upon "mental cruelty"—a theoretical cruelty which might mean little more than an angry look or even prolonged silence on the part of the husband. But even "mental cruelty" was further refined not long ago by a new and hitherto unclaimed cruelty, which was called "money cruelty." Nell Joyce, in the Chicago courts, asked a divorce from Peggy Hopkins Joyce's ex-husband on this ground, and brought evidence to show that Mr. Joyce had not been as generous with her as he had with his first wife, Peggy, upon whom he lavished the sum of \$1,400,000. This was "money cruelty."

And now the newest kind of cruelty, characterized as "professional cruelty," has just been set forth in a Chicago court by Miss Frances Williams, the attractive blonde musical comedy star—and she won the divorce. This from the days of our grandfathers, when the edgewas was commonly accented, "a woman, a dog and a walnut tree, the

more you beat 'em the better they be," the whole theory of cruelty has been profoundly changed until now the courts may accept and classify as "cruel" almost any unkind or even thoughtless act of the other matrimonial partner.

The husband, in question, in Miss Frances Williams' recent divorce suit, was Lester Clark, an orchestra leader and saxophone accompanist. A year or so ago he was leader of the orchestra of the orchestra of the orchestra.

This was great for business at the boxoffice, but the perfect record only lasted a few weeks. Then one morning, according to Miss Williams' testimony in the Chicago divorce court, her musical husband came home after having had too many drinks, she said, and knocked her down with a short jab to the eye. This beautiful blue eye was black for a week, she asserted. But the show must go on, so she appeared that evening and the next night, and every other night, although there in the front seats, she was sure, could not help noticing the "cruel" her husband's knuckles had planted on her.

But, of course, family law will happen, Miss Williams realized. A wife must be prepared to put up with her husband's little delinquencies. It was not nice to be patted in the eye, nor to wear such a black and blue decoration on the stage. But, after all, it had not interfered with her professional career, and that was the main thing to consider. And then it was that Frances' musical husband did the unpardonable thing. Her best number in the show was "I'm Alone Because I Love You," and, to her dismay, Frances found herself singing all alone or, worse yet, singing one beat ahead of the orchestra. In her divorce testimony she declared her husband "already had a wife. One of these wives was unfriendly enough to Frances for \$100,000 for alienating her husband's affections."

given. Divorce was the only remedy. Two other members of the company, Marjorie Drown and Lucille Clay Osborne, testified in Frances' behalf. They confirmed the blows and black eyes bestowed by Clark on his wife, but all agreed that the "professional cruelty" in missing beats was the one unforgivable offense committed by the saxophone player. Judge Trade gave Frances, too, and quickly granted Miss Williams her freedom from the matrimonial shackles.

In a determined effort to keep the divorce a secret, she had appeared in court disguised in horn-rimmed glasses and wearing a wavy blond hair pulled back across her head. She used under her real name of Frances Jellinek. When the court reporters penetrated her disguise, she asked them to broadcast this advice to other women singers:

"Don't marry part of the orchestra. This may be good advice for others, but Miss Williams feels that it does not necessarily apply to her even if she had one unfortunate experience. She always has had an interest in orchestra leaders and piano players, and in Chicago she was often seen in the night clubs with Harry Blum, the pianist, who accompanied her in 'Everybody's W' and her latest show, 'May' she feels she can handle pianists better than saxophone players, or that it is less easy for them to miss a beat on her."

When Miss Williams married Lester Clark early in 1928, it ended a great deal of suspense. Many wives of theatrical men, especially orchestra leaders, have heard sighs of relief. Twice she had been engaged to orchestra leaders, only to have the wedding indefinitely postponed at the last minute because it was learned just in time that the bridegroom-to-be already had a wife. One of these wives was unfriendly enough to Frances for \$100,000 for alienating her husband's affections.

In the past three or four years, Frances had been reported engaged at least a dozen times. Her banner year was 1928, with four betrothals. But she had had a continuous run of hard luck with her fiancés—and their wives.

First there was Edward K. Davies, an Englishman known as "Count." Then there was "Duke," who for a while was a big buyer along Broadway. One day he was arrested because \$600 of



Miss Grace Brinkley, Once Miss Williams' Understudy, Who Said Arthur Brown for Divorce When He and Frances Were Engaged.

his checks had bounced back. In court he told the judge:

"I was engaged to Frances Williams, of the Scandals of 1928. I loved her very much. I was trying to furnish a little home for her. I hoped to get money from my people in England by the time the checks came back to the bank, but I didn't make it."

Well, that ended that romance. But undiscouraged, Frances told the "Scandals" and joined "Artists and Models" and at the same time announced her betrothal to another Englishman, Lieutenant-Commander E. H. Stacey-Webster, of the British Navy. The officer was recalled home and sailed out of Frances' life forever.

That was enough of Englishmen.



After Miss Frances Williams Had Quarreled With Her Husband, Who Was the Saxophone Player in the Orchestra and Her Accompanist, He Would Often "Miss a Beat" of the Music's Time, So That She Would Be One Beat Ahead of the Music. When She Crooned "I'm Alone Because I Love You," She Found Herself All Alone Ahead of the Orchestra—and This, She Said, Was "Professional Cruelty."

The blues singer now turned her attention and affections to orchestra leaders, who didn't write bum checks (few having checking accounts) or sail suddenly for foreign shores. She re-opened the "Scandals" and soon was engaged to Charles Kaley, a Chicago orchestra leader. He came to New York on a vacation and they decided to be married at once. Harry Richmond offered them the use of his Long Island home for the ceremony and George White agreed to give the bride away.

But some one gave the would-be groom away by reminding the wedding party of his wife in Chicago, Alpha Lanes, another actress. Oh, dear, nobody had given her a thought, but the singer decided to restrain her natural impetuosity until a divorce could be obtained. Before that time could roll around, Frances became engaged to Harold Lee, millionaire polo player and "play boy," who was just recovering from a warm romance with Hilda Ferguson, "Follies" beauty.

Freely soon Frances was reported as the fiancée of the Duke de Goyas, a Spaniard. A puzzled reporter asked her:

"Whatever became of Howard Lee?" "Oh," she asked quickly.

"He?" she reflected. "I know. You mean Howard Lee. Well, that's all off. Something went wrong. Let's not talk about it. Forget it."

So was Mr. Lee put out of her busy life and in somewhat similar manner the noble Catalan was disposed of, for next she was engaged to Arthur Brown, a night club master of ceremonies, whose duties resemble an orchestra leader's. Mr. Brown was at the time married to Grace Brinkley, prima donna of "White Lilies," who a few seasons before had been Miss Williams' understudy in the Marx Brothers' "The Cocoanuts." They were the dearest of friends. Miss Brinkley was going Brown for divorce because, she charged, six months after the marriage her detective paid a hotel room and caught him with a scantily-clad blonde. So she intimated Frances was "welcome to him."

This did not discourage Frances, who remarked happily:

"I don't know when we will be married, but it won't be long now. We're very congenial, very happy and very much in love. Grace is in Boston last week in 'White Lilies' and so was

I, and so was Mr. Brown. No, Grace and I didn't meet. It would have made quite a family party, Grace, Arthur and myself, wouldn't it?"

Again something went wrong. For one thing, Grace had trouble getting her divorce. Impatient Frances couldn't wait and became engaged to Alan R. Jones, piano player and orchestra leader in "Fifty Million Frenchmen."

Jones had been a Pittsburgh chauffeur who deserted his cab for the orchestra pit and had phenomenal success. He also had a wife, Bertha, who slapped a \$100,000 alienation of affections suit on Frances the first time she played in Pittsburgh. This was rougher playing than she was accustomed to, but she took it gamely. After giving \$1,000 bond for her appearance in court when wanted, she told reporters:

"Sure, I'm being sued, but my attorney tells me not to talk about it."

"Did Jones give you a ring?" she was asked. "Is it an engagement ring?" She waved her hand and a huge diamond sparkled.

"I'll tell the world it was an engagement ring, and I'm going to marry him two minutes after he gets his divorce," she said.

Once more she was mistaken. When finally she did get married it was to Lester Clark. But she wasn't through with the Jones family. Mrs. Bertha Jones meant business with that \$100,000 suit and Frances made a private settlement. Bertha was a milliner and an ex-show girl and knew her way around in the way of divorce.

Frances seemed cured of romance for nearly one whole year. But last Spring she caused some complications by suddenly disappearing from the cast of "The Cocoanuts." Ten days later, tanned by the Florida sun, she returned and resumed her part.

Fully rested, Frances looked about her and discovered Lester Clark in the orchestra, which was known as "White Lilies." Pretty soon she was playing the accompaniment for her own show. But that they slipped away to Kennedyville, Maryland, and were married. That was in April. In May, according to her divorce testimony, Lester began missing those beats which the Chicago judge agreed was "professional cruelty." In June they parted and in October Frances brought her suit for divorce, which has just been granted. Frances is now free to try again.



Because He Wanted to Disprove the Wisdom of An Old Adage, A. T. Mills, of Poplar Bluff, Missouri, Started Out on a Tour of the Country With the Equipment on Hand—A Horse and Cart, With the Animal Pushing, Instead of Pulling the Vehicle.

Touring Country With the Cart Before the Horse

PUTTING the cart before the horse, as the old adage infers, may be impractical and silly, not only with actual horses and real carts but in other situations. But A. T. Mills, of Poplar Bluff, Mo., doesn't think so. To prove this he has set out on a trip to the Pacific Coast in as strange a rig as ever rolled over a road.

It may be that Mr. Mills is one of those fellows who refuses to take his philosophy and his "canned wisdom" from the thousands of old phrases that have been passed on to us from the sages of other times. He himself, explaining, when he set forth on his interesting journey, that he could see no sensible reason why a horse should not push, as well as pull, a cart. He built the rig himself, changing the shafts to the rear of what he calls his "one horsepower covered wagon." In a few trial trips over the roads on the outskirts of Poplar Bluff he learned that his horse behaved just as well behind the wagon as before it and that, so far as he himself was concerned, the arrangement had certain advantages over the orthodox hitch-up. From the front of his wagon, he had an unobstructed view of the road, an even better view than that enjoyed by the driver of an automobile.

Some of Mr. Mills' neighbors thought him a bit eccentric when he took his wagon with grub, cooking utensils and a few other essentials for his long ride from Poplar Bluff to Hollywood, but he didn't mind. He rather enjoyed the notoriety that came to him because he was doing something different and, at the same time, pointing out a sort of

loss in the matter of cut-and-dried common sense.

"Maybe it is a waste of time to put the cart before the horse," says the Missourian, "but I'm having a lot of fun and I make an average run of from 35 miles to 40 miles a day—and that's good enough for any team hooked up in the regular way."

Traveler Mills enjoyed his short stops in communities along the way, but he was not lonely on the long stretches of road between towns for he was accompanied by his dog "Shep," who

sometimes rode in the wagon, but most of the time walked beneath the cart where the rays of the hot sun could not hit him. At night "Shep" slept on an old coat under the wagon and his master curled up in the body of the vehicle, which he had fitted with side curtains which he let down in case of rain.



Flowing Grace Is Lent the Fish-Tail Outfit by This Manikin, Who Lends Color by the Addition of Bandannas.

The Old Fisherman Costume, to Which the Model Adds Realism, by Strolling About With a Pipe in Her Mouth.



The Pajama Craze That Grows More And More Fantastic



Savoring of the Dutch Peasant Costume, This Creation Is Paraded by a Petite Model, Whom the Designers Consider Quite as Important as the Pajamas.



On the Riviera, "Vagabond Pajamas" Are Attracting Much Attention. Smart Parisian Designers are Humanizing Their Products by Parading Models in Bizarre and Grotesque Positions.

TIME was when pajamas were something to sleep in, but during the past year or two the fashion dictators have made the civilized world "pajama conscious" and have induced women to don a variety of variations of the former bedtime outfit to entertain in, to wear on the beaches and promenades and strands of smart watering places, and even for semi-formal evening wear at the theatre and parties.

The pajama get-up, having become a part of the established mode, it is now taking all sorts of amusing and whimsical shapes. Besides lounging pajamas, there are smoking pajamas, strolling pajamas, golfing pajamas and other types too numerous to mention.

The photographs on this page show only a few of the pajama creations that seem to be getting more fantastic with the passing of the days. The young thing at the top of the page is wearing a set of so-called "vagabond" pajamas, which are all the rage on the Riviera. The girl just beneath her is sporting an outfit patterned after the costume worn by peasants who live among the canals and the windmills of Holland.

Even more bizarre than the Dutch outfit is the "fish-tail" costume which has more cloth in it than would be needed for a couple of evening gowns. Pajamas like these fall into the semi-formal class and are not affected on the seaside sands where the spreading bottoms of the trousers might be wet by the wild sea waves.

At the bottom of the page is pictured, on the left, the "old fisherman" interpretation of the prevalent pajama mode. To carry out the illusion that this outfit really is patterned after the clothes of men who go down to the sea in ships, the pretty wearer is pulling on a pipe.

Nodistes and fashion designers throughout Europe generally are going in for a different type of human clothes-horse than the conventional mannikin who has served faithfully for so many years. Petite and beautiful young women are in demand, but they must also have personality. They must know the social rules and be able to mix with crowds. Manikins no longer pose in shops and windows, but parade with the public, which seldom guesses that they are merely showing off clothes. In this manner, smart frocks and costumes are exhibited without the awkwardness that accompanies show-room and salon posing. And the buying public is sold without a sales talk.

Preserving Apples by "Putting Them to Sleep"

BRITISH scientists, experimenting in the laboratories of the Department of Scientific Research, recently discovered that apples, after they are picked and stored, give off a certain amount of carbon dioxide gas. They also found out that, if this gas is mixed with just the right proportion of air that the apples "go to sleep," so to speak, and ripen slowly without rotting.

The reason that apples rot, it seems, is that the places in which they are stored are not adequately ventilated and that the gas which the fruit gives off affects the skin of the fruit and causes that disintegration commonly called rotting.

In the opinion of the experimenters,

apples, after they are taken from the trees are not dead. They are very much alive and busy about the business of getting ripe so that they can be enjoyably eaten. They make their own gas in an effort to maintain health during this ripening period, and they actually suffocate—that is, begin to die—if this gas is not mixed with sufficient fresh air.

S. W. Mount, one of the largest growers of apples in Kent, applied the interesting findings of the researchers commercially with his crop, which ran into several thousand bushels. He had several special bins built in his storehouse in which he installed a simple, but effective system of ventilation. With the help of the scientists he succeeded in putting his apples to sleep.

The fruit ripened slowly and naturally and he lost only a few apples by rotting. These few, it appeared, had small worm holes in them when they were put in storage and would have gone bad anyway.

The Kent orchardman had, for many years, kept his apples in barrels and boxes in a large storehouse where the atmosphere was cooled by refrigeration. His apples were chilled without freezing, a method that has been in general use for many years. At first he would not believe that apples could be kept by any other method, but after a thorough investigation of the new scheme devised by the men of science, he applied the process on a trial lot of several hundred bushels of his best fruit and found that it worked.

When the Tabby Cat Boxed the Squirrel's Ears

WHEN an amateur photographer entered a picture of a cat slapping a squirrel on the head in a recent exhibition of camera studies held in London, the committee at first suspected that the photograph was a clever fake. The unusual tableau seemed almost too good to be true and the members of the committee requested the entrant to bring in the negative of the picture. He did, and they saw that the interesting action picture was authentic.

Perhaps this is the first and only picture of its kind ever taken, because the cat and the squirrel are natural enemies. But this cat and this squirrel were brought up together from the time the cat was a kitten and the rodent was a mere handful of fur, too small and weak to scramble up the trunk of a tree.

As time went on the animals became

pals and used to romp together every day in the backyard of their owner's home. He is an amateur photographer who snapped many pictures of his pets during their active and interesting maneuvers.

Sometimes, one or the other of the playmates would get too rough in his antics and then, for a moment or two, they would lose their tempers and indulge in a real battle, although the cat was careful not to sink his sharp teeth into his friend's smaller body.

On the day that this picture was taken, the squirrel felt especially frisky, and, in sparring with tabby he happened to nip the cat's ear with his small, sharp teeth. The owner of the pets had his camera trained on the proceedings and he happened to snap the shutter at the instant that the cat, angered by the bite, cuffed his pal sharply on the ear.



One of the Most Attractive Photos Submitted at a Recent Exhibition in London Was This Snapshot of a Tabby Cat Boxing the Ears of a Squirrel, Which Brought on the Attack by Biting the Cat During a Friendly Scuffle.

Year-Old Blue Laws Thrown Out

While Baltimore Citizens Can Now Buy a Loaf of Bread on Sunday, Drive an Automobile or Go to a Movie, Without Risk of Going to Jail, There Are Many Other Relics of the Puritan Sabbath Still Left



Cartoon to Visualize the Out-of-Date Restrictions on Natural and Wholesome Enjoyment of Sunday.

A MAN was arrested in Baltimore the other day for delivering a loaf of bread on Sunday, and another man was locked up for carrying some pies through the street to a restaurant that same Sunday. But the people of Baltimore have arisen and thrown out some of these ancient blue laws which have tormented them for the last 200 years. And yet, outside of the city limits of Baltimore, it is still unlawful to sell a loaf of bread or a bottle of milk, organize a ball game or run a movie show, and other States still retain even more drastic laws.

It has been a long, hard fight for the liberal-minded people of Baltimore to shake off these shackles of gloom on Sunday. At last they managed to get the Legislature to permit them to vote on whether they wanted blue laws or not in the biggest city in Maryland, and the result of the vote was a large majority vote for a liberalized Sunday. But outside of the city of Baltimore, the same old blue laws still are in force. The grip of the Lord's Day Alliance and other influences for the old-fashioned Puritan Sabbath was such that the people of Baltimore did not undertake to completely rid themselves of all the blue laws. It is still unlawful in Baltimore, and all over the State of Maryland, for a citizen to mow his lawn on Sunday, trim his hedge, repair a broken down-bush or fix up a fallen radio aerial. Baltimore's liberal Sunday does not begin until 2 p. m., when movies, theatres and certain sports are permitted.

These are the words of the old law, which was grimly enacted in 1723, and which still casts a gloom over the Maryland Sabbath:

"No person, whatsoever, shall work or do any bodily labor on the Lord's Day, commonly called Sunday (works of necessity and charity always excepted)."

Under this law it has been held that it is not necessary to cut the grass Sunday, weed the garden nor work on the automobile out in the garage. Following the same reasoning, there was no necessity for delivering the loaf of bread or the pies which got the men into jail just before the citizens of Baltimore voted some of the blue laws off the statute books. These things should be done on Saturday or Monday.

What Baltimore has accomplished for itself, but not for the rest of the State, is to liberalize the "works of necessity" to cover the sale and delivery of food and the operation of movie houses, ball games and other wholesome amusements.

It has been an old Baltimore custom to arrest people caught painting or paper-hanging inside their own houses on Sunday, and this is still unlawful anywhere in the State. It is still unlawful "for any person or persons to permit any cart, dray or other vehicle to remain in the streets, lanes or alleys of the city on the Lord's Day." Of course, automobiles come under this law, but fortunately there is a loophole in the code that such wicked things as driving a cart or a vehicle may be done "by special permission." And while the ghost of the old Puritan still stands with a menacing grin in the shadows, he has not tried to lock all the automobiles in their garages on the Sabbath.

Baltimore had no objection to baseball at times through the ingenious expedient of making the game "free" charging no admission, but "selling" programs to the fans. When arrests were made the game was "free" and refused to indict, but the method was unsatisfactory.

In the blue law referendum in Baltimore the other day a spirited campaign had been conducted for and against the liberal Sunday laws. The Lord's Day Alliance offering determined opposition to any change in the statutes. A crowd of 1,300 people attended a final church rally on the eve of the election to hear some of the speakers, movie and baseball, but, on the other hand, 140,000 people flocked to twenty-two motion picture theatres, which provided free shows and free



How a Puritan of Early New England Was Shackled With Hall and Chain as a Punishment for Traveling Unnecessarily on Sunday.

ovality, in favor of the change in the laws.

Many other States of the Union have blue laws as stringent as those of Maryland, but in many cases they have fallen into disuse and are not enforced, because public opinion is not in sympathy with them. Nevertheless, they are on the statute books, and mischievous politicians at times revive them for their own particular purposes.

A few of the States afflicted with blue laws provide peace and protection for those who observe a day other than Sunday. But such persons are subject to arrest every Sunday if they do any work or try to amuse themselves innocently, and, for defense, they are obliged to prove their innocence in court.

The Sunday laws place a penalty on the faith of all who do not observe Sunday, even though they observe their own seventh day of the week more strictly than the Sunday laws require Sunday to be observed.

The Seventh Day Adventists and Seventh Day Baptists, who make Saturday their Sabbath, have been most cruelly persecuted in some of the States where rigid Sunday laws exist. In Tennessee 1300 Seventh Day Adventists were arrested, tried, convicted, fined and imprisoned, within a comparatively short time, for no other crime than they had worked six days each week at their legitimate occupations, and rested on the seventh day, in obedience to their faith. These men, all of them good citizens, paid over \$2,000 in fines. Eighty-seven of them were put in the chain gang, side by side with criminals. One of these had done no more than fix his dog some potatoes from his garden for Sunday meal. A widow supporting herself and family was convicted for returning a borrowed wagon on Sunday with a load of kindling wood to pay for the use of the wagon.

Existing blue laws differ widely in different States of the Union. Most of them are absurd, yet they remain on the statute books because, whenever an effort is made to expunge them, the Lord's Day Alliance and affiliated organizations use all their influence to prevent.

In Pennsylvania the use of a pleasure vehicle is forbidden, except for going to church. In Connecticut one may go to a concert on Sunday, but the music must be classical. In South Carolina golf is forbidden on Sunday, and no ice cream may be sold. In Massachusetts a baker is not allowed to deliver bread, though he may sell it over his counter. In Maine it is forbidden to travel on Sunday, save in case of necessity. In



The Old Puritan Blue Laws Were Finally Resented and Victims in the Pillory Were Cleared, Encouraged and Flowers Thrown to Them. While the Continental Soldiers Were Compelled to Hold Back the Disapproving Populace.

New Hampshire no game, no play, no sport is permissible on the holy day.

Blue laws may be found at their bluest by a visit to the town of Ocean Grove, N. J. On Sunday there is no traffic. Not a motor is allowed to enter or go out of the town. There is nothing one can buy. For an ice cream soda, a bottle of pop, a package of salt water taffy, or a hot dog sandwich, one must go outside the borders. A child may make a sandpile on the beach, but he cannot go wading or fly a kite.

Bathing is forbidden. No newspaper is on sale. A swimmer may pass along the beach, but he is not allowed to land. The laws date back to the time when the Pilgrim Fathers, who fled from England to escape persecution and religious intolerance, set up a regime of bigotry and fanaticism which had never been equalled in the country they forsook.

The so-called blue laws existed in the early colonies long before they were ever put on the statute books. It is said that some of them were so drastic, in fact, that their inventors decided they had better remain unwritten. It was not until 1655 that the General Court of New Haven Colony ordained "that some very judicious and godly man be appointed to form a code of laws for New Haven Colony." Governor Eaton was selected for the task, and his compilation was finally printed in Pope's Head Alley, London, 1656. Because they were printed on or bound in blue paper, they came to be known as the "blue laws." There is no evidence that the figurative expression "blue" as meaning depressed or gloomy, was used by the early colonists.

Only two copies of the original blue laws are said to be now in existence in America. Maryland, New York, Carolina and other colonies had laws somewhat of the same character, but it was in New England that they saw their

most cruel enforcement, for here the religionists who had escaped English persecution applied torture and death in their determination to enforce their own particular type of sinless Sabbath.

The blue laws did not relate exclusively to proper observance of the Sabbath, though these provisions were a very important part of the code. They were aimed, on Sunday and every other day of the week, at Quakers and others whose religious belief did not conform to that of the Puritans. Atheists, professed unbelievers, blasphemers, witches—"that is, any who have consorted with familiar spirits"—were summarily put to death. The test for witchcraft was simple. The suspect's right thumb was tied tightly to her left big toe, and then thrust up she was thrown into deep water. If she sank she wasn't a witch at all, but she might as well have been one, for few would attempt to save such innocents. This heads-in-water procedure made it very convenient to get rid of an undesirable. In most cases, however, witches were condemned and burned to death on a flimsy testimony.

Sometimes the Puritans thought it would be more effective to make a continuous public example of a Quaker. A curious Massachusetts record of October 6, 1660, shows the manner of proceeding against women offenders. It was directed:

"That she be apprehended by the constable of the town wherein she is taken, be stripped from the middle downwards, and tied to a cart's tail and whipped through the town, and from there immediately conveyed to the constable of the next town towards the border of our jurisdiction, as the warrant shall direct, and so on from constable to constable until she be conveyed as aforesaid."

From this it appears that the two men offenders, William Robinson and Stevenson Dyer, died on the gallows for their devotion to the Quaker faith,



A "Ducking Stool" of Puritanical Days, of Rather Elaborate Design, and an Old Woodcut of a Primitive "Ducking Stool" in Operation.



Old Woodcut Representing a Criminal Undergoing Punishment in the Pillory.



Headpiece With Gag, a Punishment Applied to Gossiping Women in Olden Times. It Has Been Suggested by Some That This Device Might Perhaps Be Retained and Used in Modern Times.

veyed through all of the outmost towns of our jurisdiction."

This was an improvement on an earlier Massachusetts ordinance providing that Quakers be publicly whipped for a first and second offense of attending worship, and that for a third offense the offender's tongue should be bored through with a red-hot iron, followed by banishment upon pain of death in the event of return. There is a Massachusetts record (October 18, 1659) of the conviction of William Robinson, Stevenson and Mary Dyer to be sentenced to death as Quakers in the following curious entry:

"Whereas, Mary Dyer is condemned by the General Court to be executed for her offense on petition of William Dyer, her son, it is ordered that she have liberty for forty-eight hours after this date to depart out of this jurisdiction, after which time, being found therein, she is forthwith to be executed; and in the meantime that she be kept close prisoner until her son or some other person be ready to carry her away within the aforesaid time. And it is further ordered that she should be carried to the place of execution, and there to stand upon the gallows with a rope around her neck until the rest be executed; and then to return to the prison and remain as aforesaid."

From this it appears that the two men offenders, William Robinson and Stevenson Dyer, died on the gallows for their devotion to the Quaker faith,

but that some early stirring of New England gallantry spared the life of Mary.

An absolute observance of the Sabbath was demanded, offenders being punished by fine, imprisonment, whipping or confinement in the stocks or pillory. Constables were empowered to "repair to any house or place where they may suspect that any doubtful doings are done in public on Sunday within two miles of a place of worship. A faint echo of this old restriction is found in the newly enacted "liberalized Sunday" ordinance in Baltimore, wherein it is provided that no Sunday baseball game or other Sunday entertainment shall be held within 200 feet of a church.

At one time it was against the law in the New Haven Colony and as early as 1636 a wife on Sunday. The records tell of a gentleman who, after an absence of some months, reached home in the night, and, meeting his wife at the front door, kissed her "with an appetite." For this he was vegetables and other things, and fined. Adulterers were publicly whipped, and separate times, "viz., once when the court is in being at the arm or back; and if they were convicted of fact, and the poll-end time as the court shall order; and likewise to wear two

capital letters, A. D., cut out of cloth and sewed on their uppermost garments, on the arm or back; and if at any time they shall be found without the said letters so worn whilst in this government, to be forthwith taken and publicly whipped, and so from time to time until they are found not to wear them."

The stocks, the pillory, the ducking stool and other devices were constantly used by the stern Puritans to enforce their blue laws. An offender confined in the stocks or pillory was not only an object of public ridicule, but had no way to protect himself from the assaults of urinating or defecating neighbors. His face was covered with rotten eggs, rotten apples and other things. The stocks were frequently given large doses of castor oil or its equivalent.

Many of the original blue laws, particularly those relating to Sunday observance, still remain on the statute books of various States, or laws later enacted have been patterned after them. There is a striking example on record in Tangier, Virginia, where in 1920—only twelve years ago—a boy named Roland Pugh was taken through the stomach by a constable because he had violated a law "forbidding loafing on store porches on Sunday, when the constable. In fact, the mayor of Tangier was quoted as having said, 'We've got to enforce the law.'"

Why People Commit Suicide

Science Begins a Careful Study of the Impulse of Self-Destruction and Has Already Collected Some Very Curious Facts Which Were Unexpected and Are Difficult to Explain

WHY do people commit suicide? The complete answer to this question is of considerable importance to mankind. Already science has collected a good many facts, but the University of Pennsylvania has begun a series of investigations to discover the economic, occupational, biological, social and psychological aspects.

Suicide is not prevalent in the brute creation, because animals, unlike men, do not get morbid brooding over their troubles. If modern man could throw off the shackles and environment of civilization and go back to his early primitive, normal life in the woods with the animals and the plants, he would soon forget the troubles of the stock market, taxes and social requirements.

When Ivar Krueger, the multi-millionaire Swedish match magnate, shot himself in his magnificent apartment in Paris the other day—was he at the time mentally unbalanced? When George Eastman, the American camera manufacturer, killed himself the other day—was there something wrong in his head which induced him to step out of the world? Or is self-destruction often a reasonable and justifiable act?

Into the Psychopathic Department of the Philadelphia General Hospital are brought the men and women from round about who attempted suicide but not quite succeeded. At their bedside will sit Dr. Edward A. Strecker, Professor of Psychiatry, and his assistant, Dr. Edward D. Hoedemakers. They will in a sympathetic, kindly way talk to these would-be suicides and try to probe the depths of their minds to find out why?

From Dr. Strecker's scientific point of view the outstanding, astonishing thing about self-destruction is that it defies Nature's first and most powerful law—self-preservation. But there are other features almost equally strange such as that in Spain three times as many men as women kill themselves while in the rest of the world the ratio is much higher, averaging at least four to one.

More Bachelors Than Married Men Kill Themselves—Except in Sunny Spain.

Perhaps it is not surprising that bachelors take their lives more often than married men on the popular theory that they are missing the joys of a loving wife and children. But why should it be the other way around in Spain? Can it be that the lovely and romantic Seville, when she becomes a Senora is the least agreeable wife in Christendom? Suicide is most prevalent among the most intelligent and advanced races, and hardly exists at all among the backward ones which find such wretched lives that one would hardly blame them if they all killed themselves. It is not the lovely and romantic Seville or Italian who blows out his brains oftenest, but the more stolid, phlegmatic Norseman, Swede or German, particularly the German.

One would expect that in the United States the highest suicide rate would be found in the slums of the big Eastern cities but, on the contrary, it is in the sunny, wide-open spaces where men are men that they oftenest get tired of life. Cold, gloomy January or February would seem the logical time of year for people to yield to discouragement, but it is the bright and balmy month of June and the peak comes on the 11th, the most dangerous day of the year. Not "blue Monday" but Tuesday is the most dangerous day of the week for anyone wrestling with temptations to try the next world the critical hour is not at night when fears are magnified, and worried people are tossing sleeplessly, but on the morning of the 11th, the morning is the fatal hour.

There are styles in suicide as in most everything else. In Japan there is only one right way and the act must be performed according to an exact formula or it will not wipe out the stain from the dead man's memory. The knife must be held in a certain position and the abdomen cut open just so and the suicide certain on his knees must be such that his body will fall forward. Sometimes the ceremony is public and watched by a critical audience of friends and relatives. Chinese women, they have a grudge against a neighbor drown themselves in his well which disgraces the well-wearer forever. Otherwise they take an overdose of opium or strangle themselves by sucking a sheet of gold leaf into their windpipe.

Roman officers used to stick their swords in the ground point up and throw themselves on them. At the time of the Empire it was the style to open one's veins and bleed to death in a warm bath which was supposed to

prevent the final death chill. Modern soldiers and policemen use firearms because they are handy and quick, but for the last two decades jumping from high buildings has steadily increased. Recently a brand-new form of suicide has appeared. Several accidental deaths revealed that inhaling the exhaust of an automobile brought an easy death from carbon monoxide poisoning and started a style that has already become uncomfortably common.

A man, desperate enough to take his own life, usually gives little thought to how he will look when he finds him. He won't bother to bathe, shave or put on his best suit of clothes or care if he will all meased up with blood. A woman will dress herself up as if Dr. Death were a man on whom she must make a favorable impression and she will rarely choose a death that will leave her to be found in an unbecoming condition.

The means a suicide uses is unimportant because there are always plenty of ways at hand. The thing the present study hopes to determine is what sort of mental condition one is in when he breaks the strongest of laws of animal life. Insanity undoubtedly covers a certain number of cases, such as those who think they hear voices urging them to jump out the window or believe they have a devil inside of them. Some assert that in all cases there must have been at least a moment of mental aberration at the time of the act.

This unscientific point of view can easily be disproved. Most reasonable persons can readily imagine themselves in situations where suicide would seem the only solution. A doomed cancer patient, facing a lingering painful death, is not insane to wish to put himself out of his misery.

When a Japanese commanding general has made a serious blunder, the Mikado, hands him a sword which he uses to commit harakiri, not because he has suddenly become insane but, as Dr. Strecker says, because it is what is expected of him. Was Ivar Krueger insane when he shot himself, leaving a message that he was tired of life? If the investigator looks at the tangled affairs of his many enterprises, they found reasons why he was tired of life but of the bitter prospects of explaining to investigators and criminal courts what had been done. Of course

the honest and courageous thing would have been to live and face the music. Still, though to run away may be cowardly, it is not insane. One could hardly imagine a case more the opposite from the Krueger one than that of George Eastman who took his life almost immediately afterward. His interests were all in excellent condition, he left an estate of \$20,000,000, and had given many millions more than that, besides directly or indirectly giving employment or amusement to millions of people. He had converted the camera from a clumsy, somewhat unreliable contrivance to one that anyone could afford and operate. Without his film Edison's moving picture would never have been heard of.

Here was a great public benefactor who had earned every dollar he had made and had given most of it away. If there is anything in the theory that it is more blessed to give than to receive this man should have spent his old age basking in the gratitude of the whole human race, the happiest man in the world. Instead he killed himself, leaving this note:

"My work is finished. Why wait?" Persons who had been with him until a few minutes before the act, while he was revolved a coil of his will and attending to other important matters, testified that Mr. Eastman was perfectly sane. He had been an invalid several years, knew that he would never be any better and, after careful consideration, decided that life had become a liability, not an asset, and got rid of it.

Illness was a cause with Mr. Eastman, but there are plenty of cases of hopeless invalids who cling to their crippled and painful life to the bitter end, cheerfully submitting to any operation after another only to prolong their suffering a little longer. Poverty is not so much a cause of suicide as is the fear of it. People born and raised in the most abject penury, who seem to have nothing to live for, are the very ones who buy life's candle to the socket. When one of the very poor takes his life it is generally in connection with vice, crime or love.

But the person who has "seen better days" is quite likely to try suicide when poverty overtakes him. He is especially likely to do it. Man, especially civilized man, is the only creature who has the ability to be comfortable, make himself perfectly miserable entirely out of his own mind. An animal is happy unless there is something wrong with him. Unless it is too hot, too cold, hungry, sick, pursued by

another animal, or in need of fighting for a mate, it does not care what happens, nor is it envious if the best across the river has a more spacious cave and ten times as much food.

A man may be happy and contented at his work till he learns that the man at the next desk has gotten a raise in pay. This in no way hurts him, but it may make him so discontented that if he doesn't get the same raise he will quit and without work lose his house and car, which he was paying for on time, and finally his wife and children, and be ready for suicide, all because something good happened to someone else. A woman is delighted with her dress and bonnet until her neighbor is able to get sweeter and more expensive ones. Perfectly contented she sometimes starves herself to death on anything that happened, but because of a piece of good luck that almost but not quite better than, such as their almost but not quite buying a lottery ticket that would have won a big prize.

Animals certainly commit suicide in the sense that they take their own lives, but it is doubtful if they understand that their actions will end in the thing human beings call death or even if an animal realizes that he will ever die. Dogs sometimes starve themselves to death on their master's grave, but their refusal to eat is probably not from any ambition to die but because they are sick with grief at the loss of their best friend. A mother animal will die fighting hopeless odds for the sake of her young, but there is no evidence that she imagines that anything worse could happen to her than a terrific clawing and chewing.

Henry Fowler, chief of the reptile and fish laboratory at the Academy of the Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, has a case of what some might call suicide in the world of fish. He says: "I have seen fish literally leap out of water and hurl themselves to certain death on the ground that they are in the hand, but that was to escape an enemy. Other fish jump out of water to their death when they are harassed by parasites."

"It is true that male and female salmon kill themselves in the spawning season. After the eggs are laid in color. They die because of the exhaustion of the spawning season. The young feed on them. Whether this technically is suicide is questionable, it is not deliberately thought out by the salmon, certainly, but it is Nature's law of reproduction for the benefit of the species."

The closer the human being comes to the animal the further he is from suicide. In the African jungle suicide is almost unknown. Transported to the Southern States, the negro suicide still is rare but when he moves to the Northern industrial centers he begins to take up the evil practice but to no such extent as the white man. A negro preacher gave the following explanation of why he never had to worry about suicide among his flock: "When a white man has trouble he sits down and thinks and it and broods till he gets morbid. When a darky is in trouble he sits down and begins to think, too, but the first thing you know he goes to sleep."

Children kill themselves for pathetically trivial reasons such as a scolding, being laughed at by other children and unrequited "puppy love." A boy in Bombay took poison because his school's football team suffered an unexpected defeat, but that is hardly more absurd than the man in Cologne, Germany, who hanged himself because his wife bobbed her hair without asking his consent.

People and nations who complain the most bitterly over their fate are the most likely to kill themselves about it. In modern times no nation has waited longer and longer than Ireland about its fate, and yet Ireland has always been close to the lowest in the civilized world. Since the beginning of the century feminists have eloquently described the dreary and oppressive life of the fair sex. But the fair sex as a whole evidently did not realize how unhappy it was, because only one-fourth of all women are men prefer death.

The scientific investigation should straighten out the conflicting theories of why men are unhappy than women. Man is the responsible sex, and if the family can't afford everything the neighbor has that is the husband's fault, and if they are in need, his disgrace. Yet to desert them entirely by suicide is universally considered contemptible. The bachelor being beholden to nobody is free to step into the next world whenever he pleases, and does so oftener than the married man. Yet the man who is responsible for the family's well-being has less reason for resigning from the human race.

Boredom is never listed as an official cause of suicide and yet it figures prominently. During the world war, though food, fuel and other necessities were scarce and poor in Europe, the suicide rate fell everywhere. Im-

mediately after peace it jumped to above normal. In Russia it has climbed to such heights that in Odessa the Soviet authorities have organized an anti-suicide museum, consisting of a sort of chamber of horrors with knives, poison bottles, death notes and grateful propaganda letters from those who tried to kill themselves and were saved.

As every Russian under the Soviet regime is supposed to have a job, some sort of a place to sleep, even if it is five in a room, and plenty of cabbage soup and black bread which is all a Russian needs, the suicide epidemic is laid to the boredom of communistic life where any kind of success, saving or getting ahead is forbidden.

Any big event like a presidential election, threat of war or even a heavyweight boxing championship causes a slump in the suicide rate. This is not because any of them hope to profit by the coming event but because, like children at bedtime, they hate to retire just as something interesting is about to happen. That Dr. Louis Dublin and Mr. Herbert H. Marks, life insurance investigators, found that thin men kill themselves 38 per cent oftener than normal ones will probably surprise nobody. But who would have imagined that the supposedly jolly fat man is 75 per cent more subject to the fatal impulse?

In England and Wales has an attempt been made to classify suicides by occupations. These figures show that hotel and saloon keepers are most likely to commit suicide, chemists and teachers next and then lawyers. Physicians, insurance agents and shopkeepers also have high suicide rates.

Locomotive engineers are least likely to end their own lives. Clergymen are more common suicides than any other, then come railway guards, insurance office workers, printers and iron workers.

Indoor Workers More Likely to End Their Lives Than Outdoor Laborers.

In general, indoor occupations lead to suicide more than outdoor work. There are many exceptions to this, notably among seamen and gardeners, who have high rates. The high rate among lawyers and physicians is attributed to the intense competition and occupational strain. The low rate among clergymen and teachers is due to their "healthy, well-ordered, carefree and untroubled" lives. Ready access to poisons and narcotics is blamed for the numerous suicides among chemists and druggists.

The two extremes in the insurance business are explained on the ground that agents are very often failures in other lines and turn to soliciting insurance as a last resort. If unsuccessful, they end their troubles. Officials and clerks, on the other hand, have pleasant, permanent jobs and nothing is very about to happen, insurance companies seldom fail and rarely have the "shake-up" so greatly feared in other businesses.

In early childhood nobody kills himself intentionally but from then on a man's danger from suicide slowly but steadily mounts until he is 65. Then come the four most dangerous years of his life. But after 69, the longer he lives the more interested he becomes in prolonging his existence as far as possible. Though he may be blind, deaf and helpless the very aged man usually is quite content to stay with us indefinitely. He is happy, too, because he has a feeble memory for the discomforts of the present and a strong recollection of the big events of his youth and strength. In those memories he lives.

With a woman the picture is different. The age of 15 to 19 more girls than boys go off the earth voluntarily but from then on the male suicide rate outnumbers the female. The woman's suicide rate rises slowly from 20 till 50 when for a few years the sudden drop indicates that she has temporarily become more satisfied with things and then once more it starts rising gradually with each year until she reaches 60. This is another danger age. From 60 to 64 is almost but not quite her most dangerous age. But if she weathers 65, her chances of self-destruction drop sharply once more until she reaches 75. Then they rise until she is 85, when another drop begins. From 80 to 84 the tendency to suicide is the greatest in her life.

Less than six boys out of a million under 15 commit suicide, and less than three girls. From 15 to 19 years of age, 26.77 boys out of a million of that age end their lives, and 27.55 girls out of the same number. It is the only age period in which female suicides outnumber male. In the ages of 20 to 25, 66 boys and 44 girls in every million of each sex die.

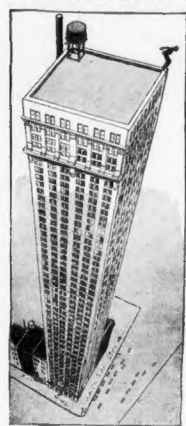
Up until a few years ago the suicide of a Hindu widow on the funeral pyre was a common sight. In the British had a tremendous task in stamping out this custom, and then learned that a Hindu widow is still the honorable woman of the East. Her duty is to burn with her husband, and otherwise, suicide is universally condemned. It is especially wrong in the eyes of the Hindu religion. The only prominent clergyman who has had the courage to publicly justify suicide is Dean George F. Faber, Anglican, of the Cathedral, Oxford, England. The "gloomy Dean" said: "I should not condemn a man to death ought to be allowed to carry out the sentence himself in his own way. I should not condemn a man to death who was dying slowly of an agonizing disease, wishes to shorten his sufferings."

And the taxpayer who is driven almost to suicide these days should be grateful to the criminal who has the grace to grant him a quick death. It is not his business to save the expense of a trial and of maintaining him in prison.

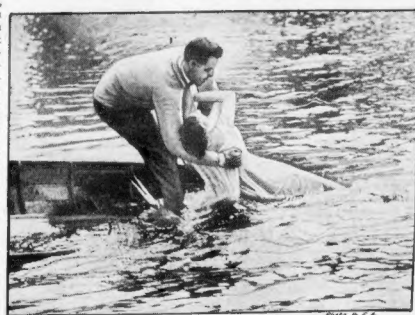
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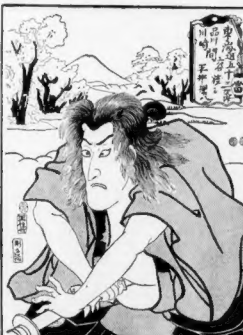
It is Not in Gloomy Winter When Suicides Are Most Common. The Surprising Fact Has Been Discovered That in Rainy, Sunny June, When All Except Suicides, the Impulse of Self-Destruction Is Strongest. The 11th of June Is the Most Fatal Day and the High Tide in Suicides.



There are Fashions in Suicide, as in Everything Else, and Now It Has Turned to Leap Into Eternity From the Modern Tall Buildings.



Photographs of Suicides or Rescues Are Rare. But It Happened That an Amateur Photographer in a Neighboring Boat Caught This Victim in Hyde Park, London, of an Unhappy Young Woman Who Intended to Drown Herself but Was Rescued.



Old Japanese Print Showing the Harakiri Which Is Still the Code of Honor of Japan.



Dogs Commit Suicide, but Not Quite as Human Beings Do. Stricken With Grief, Faithful Animal Will Hasten His Master's Grave, Feeling No Desire for Food, and Finally Die of Starvation.

Nature's Perplexing Contradictions about the Human Body

Exercise, Fresh Air, Food and Even Cleansing Warm Water That Are Good for Some Organs or Parts of the Body and Harmful or Dangerous for Other Parts



A Hat Is Desirable to Screen the Head From the Sun's Rays, and Yet, If It Is Light, It May Compensate the Arteries Which Supply Blood, and Therefore Nourishment, to Scalp and Roots of the Hair.

NOTHING in the world is a more perplexing package of contradictions than the human body. Exercise, doctors say, is so good for the human frame that it is practically necessary for health. Yet in the next breath people are warned that exercise is exhausting to the heart and thousands of people with heart trouble are made to stay in bed twenty-four hours a day and to take no exercise at all. Open windows are advocated because fresh air is stimulating and healthful, yet drafts are blamed for causing colds and other ills. Washing the hair is urged as being necessary for the health of the scalp, yet this is claimed to dry the hair too much, so that it is likely to get brittle and break off—nature's oily lubricant is washed away.

There seems to be no doubt that over-weight is one of the greatest of health dangers. And yet recent medical opinion is that women are happier if they are a little fatter than the laws of health require. The contradiction here between the requirements for health and the best condition for a sense of jolly well-being, is no mystery. A little under-weight is best for some organs of the body, particularly for the digestive system, the heart and blood system, and the organs that have the duty of eliminating the various bodily wastes.

On the other hand, there are two bodily necessities in which precisely the opposite conditions prevail and for which over-weight, at least in a moderate degree, is desirable. One of these is the nervous system. The other is the bodily machinery for the repulse of germs trying to invade the body. That happiness and health are likely to go together no one will deny, and one of the chief conclusions of modern psychology is that this linkage is not always one in which health is the cause and happiness the result. Often it works the other way around, so that happiness is the cause of health; or perhaps that unhappiness is the cause of unhealth. A woman who is too thin is likely to have little reserve of strength to cope with the disturbances of daily life. These worry her too much, so that she has spells of unhappiness. These, in turn, react on health. A comfortable cushion of reserve fat stored in the body helps to avoid these difficulties by providing a store of energy when it is needed.

Much the same thing applies to resistance to germs. Such a germ invasion, even a very simple and relatively safe one like a cold, puts immediate stress on the powers of the body to resist this or any other difficulty. If there is some reserve fat this stress is likely to be met more promptly and more vigorously than otherwise, just as a fort besieged in war time is likely to be defended more ably if the soldiers inside have plenty of food than if they already are almost starving when the siege begins.

Probably the best rule about fatness and thinness is one which insurance experts and public health officials already have begun to advocate. This is to be a little over-weight in the first half of one's normal life span; say until about thirty-five or forty, and then to be a little under-weight for the rest of one's life. The reason for this is that during the first half of the life of a normal human body the blood system, the digestive system and other sets of bodily organs which are likely to be overworked by too much fat, are young and vigorous, so that they can stand the strain well enough. Also, before the younger years of life are those in which germ invasions and other accidents which make a little excess fat useful are most likely to occur. Accordingly, a little excess fat in youth is desirable.

In old age, on the other hand, germ invasions are less probable, and the organs which are already beginning their decline. Accordingly, less than normal weight may be an advantage for older people and may help them live longer and to be more healthy. Another inconsistency is this. Every one agrees that sleep is an absolute necessity for mankind. Yet there are conditions in which people are too sleeping, even to the extent of constituting what physicians recognize as



Experts as a Warning That Artery Trouble and Perhaps Other Ailments Are Likely to Result.

Not Only Is the Very Thin Person Quite Likely Not to Be of Amiable Disposition, but, Having No Reserve of Fat, Is More Likely to Catch Germ Diseases, and When Thus Afflicted Have More Serious Consequences Than a Person With More Natural Upholstery.

mental disease. In the condition called narcolepsy, for example, the victim may fall asleep suddenly in the midst of a conversation or while doing some job. Nothing in the world will keep them awake until the attack has passed.

The truth about sleep seems to depend upon just how the glands are working. If two of the glands in particular, the thyroid gland in the neck and the adrenal glands near the kidneys, are exceptionally active, the person concerned is likely to need less than the usual amount of sleep. On the other hand, if these two glands are less than normally active, the person concerned is likely to be lazy and sleepy and perhaps actually to need more hours of sleep each day than an ordinary individual.

Like the matter of happiness and health, these relations of gland action and sleep seem sometimes to work both ways. Not only does the activity or inactivity of the glands create a tendency toward less sleep or more sleep, but the person's habit of getting less sleep or more seems to react on the glands themselves. If a person constitutionally lazy and sleepy yields to this condition and sleeps as much as

possible, the sleep-producing habit of his glandular system seems to be increased. On the other hand, if victims of this condition fight against it and strive to keep awake in more normal fashion, this effort sometimes results in permanent improvement of the glandular condition or, at least, in something which makes the habitual sleepiness less noticeable.

Another health contradiction which it is possible to explain is that about drinking water. Authorities agree that large amounts of water or similar harmless fluids should be drunk each day. Yet also is stated that much water drunk with the food dilutes the digestive juices and interferes with the speed and efficiency of digestion. It is probable that both of these conclusions are true. The solution depends

on the times at which the fluids are drunk, health experts point out.

Except in very rare cases of kidney disease or other actual bodily disorders, there probably is no one who is not benefited by drinking reasonably large amounts of water each day. Some people apparently can drink this with meals without damage. Others cannot; perhaps because it dilutes the digestive juices, perhaps for some other reason. Even these people who cannot take much fluid with meals usually are benefited, however, if the large quantities of fluid desirable are drunk at other times during the day on arising in the morning, between meals, or before going to bed at night.

Another set of contradictions which can be explained are those related to exercise. For most people it apparently

is true that a certain amount of exercise is good for the health. For others, any exercise seems to be harmful. Probably the reconciliation depends upon the amount of stimulation required each day by the heart and circulatory system of the two groups of people.

Just as human beings vary among themselves in height or hair-color or other visible characteristics, so they vary just as much in the efficiency of the heart and blood system. For example, the tall, thin type of person is likely to have a relatively inefficient blood circulation, probably because their arteries and other blood vessels also are longer and thinner. Short and stocky individuals, on the other hand, are likely to have relatively good blood circulation, especially if these individuals are not too fat.

There is a certain speed of blood circulation probably like the ideal thing for nearly every body. To maintain this moderate circulation, some people need frequent stimulation of their heart and blood system. Some people already have this system sufficiently active, or even over-active. For these individuals any stimulation is harmful. It may be harmful.

There exist, of course, bodily mechanisms which ordinarily regulate automatically such matters as the blood circulation. Some of these mechanisms are nervous centers in the brain, with the duty of controlling the rate of breathing the rapidity of the heart beat, and so on. Another set of regulating mechanisms seems to be provided by some of the glands, especially the two glands already mentioned in connection with the regulation of sleep. Yet also is stated that much water drunk with the food dilutes the digestive juices and interferes with the speed and efficiency of digestion. It is probable that both of these conclusions are true. The solution depends

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Exercise Is Advised as Desirable for the Bodily Machinery as a Whole—But If an Individual Has a Weak Heart or Hardened Arteries, Vigorous Exercise, Even for a Few Moments, May Be Fatal.

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- 1 In not more than twenty (20) words, tell us "What I Like Best About Goodyear Wingfoot Rubber Heels."
- 2 No letter will be considered unless name and complete address of your regular repair shop is given.
- 3 It is not necessary to buy Goodyear Wingfoot Heels to enter this contest, but each entry must be accompanied by the front side of a carton in which Goodyear Wingfoot Heels are packed, or by a reasonably accurate facsimile.
- 4 All entries must be mailed to Goodyear Wingfoot Heel Contest Editor, Akron, Ohio. Contest closes at midnight, June 15th, 1932. Entries postmarked later will not be considered.
- 5 Names of winners will be announced, and all winners will be personally notified by mail.
- 6 No letters will be returned. All entries submitted will be the property of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company.

Winning letters will be chosen strictly on merit by judges who are not employees of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, and their decision will be final.

GOOD  YEAR

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Won the Fight—But Lost the Prize



Phil Durley, Sitting on the Park Bench in the Evening, Told Tilly She Was the Only Girl in the World and Asked Her Why She Would Not Set a Day for Their Wedding.



So Also Ernie Hockaday, as He Took the Air for a Walk Along the Country-side, Begged Tilly to Say "Yes" to His Pleadings.



And Both Together Faced the Girl, "Then Let's settle it is the good old English way." And They Stripped Off Their Coats and Tilly Said, "May the best man win!"



It Was a Fair Fight and a Hot One, and Finally Phil Went to the Ground From a Blow on the Chin—From Ernie.



But Instead of Running to the Victor's Embrace, Tilly Sank to the Side of the Vanquished, Kissed Him, and Announced Her Engagement to Him.



Photograph Taken After the Fight for the Girl, Showing Tilly Accepting a Kiss From the Vanquished Man, While Ernie, the Winner, Looks On With a Sickly Smile.

Pretty Tilly Lambert, Uncertain Which of Her Two Lovers She Wants to Marry, Cries, "May the Best Man Win" As She Watches Them Fight It Out; and Then Kisses the Loser and Discards the Winner

LONDON, May 13.—FROM the cave man down through the ages, men have fought duels for the heart and hand of fair ladies.

After the fight was over, the winner collected the "prize" who was watching with interest, and there was no argument about it because his rival had usually passed to another world where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

Having read of this practical and decisive method of getting a woman to make up her mind, young Phil Durley and Ernie Hockaday, of London, saw no reason why it should work as well in their case with a modern maiden fair, Miss Tilly Lambert. The maiden herself thought it a "cute" idea, witnessed the bout and then proved that it was all wrong and would not work in these unchivalrous days.

Young Mr. Durley and young Mr. Hockaday had been friends and gone to the same school since childhood. If one had a girl the other would not think of "stealing in" and trying to steal her from a buddy. But this case was different. Both had gone to the same dance and both had met the fascinating Tilly at the same time. Therefore, according to the code of young men, neither had any priority rights in the lady. Both were snuffing at first sight, both made a date, and on alternate evenings, bank holidays and Sundays both paid devoted attention.

After a few weeks of this, Mr. Durley, on their way home, persuaded Tilly to sit down on a nice meadow park bench while he asked her why she would not set a day for the wedding. She informed him that he only reason was that she liked his friend, Ernie, exactly as well. Next day being Sunday, Mr. Hockaday took her for a long trip in the country and, asking the same question, heard the same bothersome news about Phil being in the way.

The two boys got together and each finding the other in dead earnest, each agreed to win the girl by any fair means, and that the winner would not bear a grudge. Each redoubled his efforts to captivate Tilly, but each loyally refrained from any criticism of his rival. This fine sportsmanship caused Tilly to think that each boy was such a prize that she could not bear to give him up by marrying the other. And why bother to decide? By accepting neither, this delightful courting by both would go on indefinitely, thus letting her ask her cake and have it too.

Unfortunately, the youths could not stand the pressure forever. It was not only the strain on their nervous systems, but if this high-pressure courtship kept up much longer both would be as stony backs and in debt that they could not marry her anyway. Once more the youths got together to see what could be done.

Durley was for handing her an ultimatum, signed by both, stating that she must choose one or the other. But Hockaday feared that she might be just contrary enough to give them both the slip. In all three talk it over sensibly as bright young moderns are supposed to do.

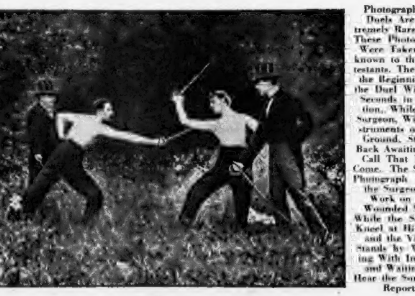
Tilly was frank enough. She admitted that she cared enough for either to marry him in a minute, if it



In Olden Days When Duels Meant Life or Death.



Photograph Taken After the Fight for the Girl, Showing Tilly Accepting a Kiss From the Vanquished Man, While Ernie, the Winner, Looks On With a Sickly Smile.

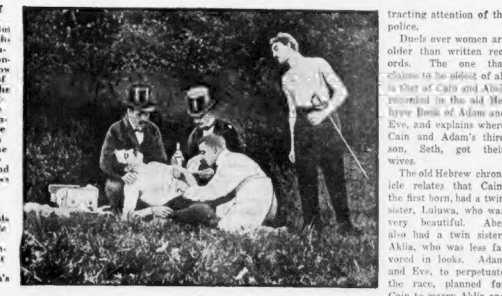


was not for the other. She was quite as bothered as they were over the problem, but if a girl can't make a choice, she just can't. However, if she only knew which one loved her the most that might turn the scales. The boys looked at each other wondering what kind of test to suggest, and then Durley remembered that she had often stated how she admired a hero. With this in mind he said: "Ernie, I have been taking a few boxing lessons, so I don't suppose it would be fair to ask you to stand up with me in the good old English way and with our fists settle which is the better man."

"Fair?" answered Hockaday. "It would be more than fair. I could always lick you when we were more nippers and I can do it again now, boxing or no boxing."

Tilly vetoed the idea at first as a rough and rowdy sort of thing until they reminded her how knights in armor and cavaliers fought to the death for noble ladies of old. Putting in the light of a duel for her, made it romantic and "cute." She agreed. The boys took off their coats, rolled up their sleeves and Tilly had just expressed the pious hope that the best man might win when a deep voice commanded them to stop. It was a policeman on his day off and the law forbade street fights and brawls. But they pointed out to him that this, being in the country, was not a street fight, nor was it a brawl because they were fighting not for a grudge but for a prize.

"How big is the prize?" asked the policeman looking at his little book, under "Disturbance of the Peace." If it



is over one pound sterling you can't fight in England without a license.

"There stands the 'prize' over there," he was told. Finally they agreed that while she was worth millions continentally, she was not worth tuppence intrinsically as long as she had no gold teeth, and besides the London "bobbies" thought the pair well-matched and wished to see the bout. He volunteered to act as referee and timekeeper.

Ernie Hockaday turned out to be the Jack Dempsey, ruder and sluggier, and Phil Durley, the Gene Tunney, intelligent-away type. The first round was all Phil's. Ernie failed to land a single effective blow. The "pure" looked on without a word or sign of how she felt. The second round was like the first and Ernie's face began to puff up under the light but skillful blows of Phil's fists. Again no comment from the fair lady.

Coming up for the third round, Phil decided that he had little to fear from his puffing and awkward antagonist and letting himself go a bit, knocked Ernie down three times and almost had him out at the end of the round. Still the "prize" said nothing.

As they came together for the fourth round Ernie Hockaday saw certain defeat but hoped before the end to get in one black eye to offset somewhat the decorations he had received. One lucky swing connected, knocking Phil down. He was up again, in time, and none the worse for the blow. But something else had happened. The "pure" had clipped his hands and uttered a shrill feminine cheer. This development put new heart into the under dog and disconcerted the win-

ner who made the mistake of looking at Tilly to see if she really meant it instead of at Mr. Hockaday, who certainly meant the "haymaker" he landed on Mr. Durley's chin. This time when Phil arose, much of the speed seemed to have left his legs so that Ernie could now get to him with his swings.

Durley barely survived the round and the next one was as bad. Early in the sixth, the policeman counted the fatal ten over Phil and it was all over. "Winner, Mr. Hockaday, by a knock-out in the sixth round," he announced to his audience who was also the "prize." But Tilly paid no attention, and running to the fallen gladiator, wiped his face with a tiny handkerchief. A man with a camera who had been watching the last few rounds now came forward, asked what the trouble was and was told by the triumphant victor.

"If you are the winner, what is she kissing him for?" the stranger wanted to know. Mr. Hockaday looked somewhat worried as he saw the "prize" kissing his rival's swollen lips, but he managed to say nothing.

"It's all right. That kiss is just the loser's end of the purse. But I get the girl herself," answered Tilly. "You get nothing of the kind. I am going to marry Phil. I have changed my mind."

This unexpected decision caused much vehement conversation and finally an appeal was made to the policeman who handed down a decision to the effect that by every principle of justice Tilly should marry the win-

ner as it was understood the would, and not the loser, but that no law of Hercules or Earth would enforce that justice. He suggested that the least the lady could do was to give her reasons for changing her mind. This is what she said:

"When the fight began I did not know my own mind. When Ernie was getting the worst of it and did not seem to have any chance, I was sorry for him and began to think I would rather marry him than Phil who was winning so easily. But when things went the other way I felt ten times as sorry for poor Phil and knew that he must be the one I really loved."

"There ain't any justice in this world," moaned the cheated winner, and a tough one for your friend."

The modern French duel has become more than a harmless gesture, but the further one goes back in history the more deadly it appears. As these combats are against the law in all modern civilized countries, duels are especially anyone with a camera. However, the pictures seen on this page were permitted for some reason and were taken shortly after sunrise, just outside of Paris, showing the start and finish of a sword duel. These fighters were in deadly earnest, so their records brought a surgeon who saved the conquered from bleeding to death and pitched him up well enough so he could be taken home without at-

tracting attention of the police. Duels over women are rarer than written records. The one that claims to be the oldest of all is that of Cain and Abel, recorded in the old Hebrew Bible of Adam and Eve, and explains where Cain and Adam's third son, Seth, got their wives.

The old Hebrew chronicle relates that Cain, the first born, had a twin sister, Luluwa, who was very beautiful. Abel also had a twin sister, Akia, who was less favored in looks. Adam and Eve, to perpetuate the race, planned for Cain to marry Akia and for Abel to take Luluwa to wife. But Cain refused to accept this arrangement, preferring the more prepossessing Luluwa, his own twin. The two boys quarreled and Cain slew Abel, as related in Genesis. Then, according to the Book of Adam and Eve, he married Luluwa, and Akia became the wife of Seth.

Personal combats reached their height during the so-called Age of Chivalry. They were known as "trial by combat" and might make right. With few exceptions, reigning monarchs and sometimes civil law and were dignified by the term "judicial trials." The medieval church encouraged these "trials" as the property of the loser went to the church, in case of a fatal ending.

With few exceptions, reigning monarchs discouraged dueling. If any fighting was to be done, they reasoned, it should be done in the interests of the monarch. Good fighting men should not be wasted in personal quarrels.

Gustavus Adolphus, the great Swedish king, stamped out dueling in 1631. Two of his high officers quarreled over a woman, it is reported, and begged their sovereign's permission to fight it out. Gustavus granted their request and even accompanied them to the dueling ground. There he said: "gentlemen, at a single blow you not till one of you be killed. Moreover, I have the Provost-Marshal with me, who will at once hang the other."

This royal edict, making the winner's prize the certainty of being hanged, discouraged the sport in Sweden.



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Safely? . . . yes. Blue-jay is made by Bauer & Black, producers of high-quality surgical dressings.

Easily? . . . yes. There's nothing to do but wear a Blue-jay Corn Plaster for three short days.

Pleasantly? . . . yes. But "pleasantly" expresses mildly the bliss of instant pain-relief that Blue-jay brings. The tender spot is cushioned. The nerve-stabbing agony stops. . . .

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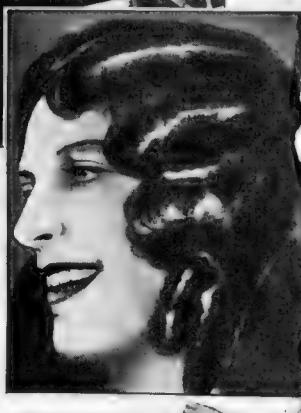
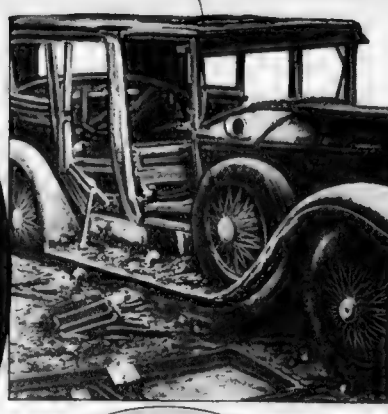
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Mrs. Al Capone, Wife of a Bandit Whom the Police Had Rounded Up for a Robbery. The Gang Was Afraid She Might Be Made to Tell Something by the Police. Mrs. Capone's Lifetime Body Was Found in Her Flat—The Gang Had Closed Her Mouth Forever.



Marion "Kiki" Roberts, Play-Girl of the Notorious Gangster, Jack Diamond.



Eugene Moran, Gangster, Was Both a Victim and a Participant in the Underworld. He Was Killed in His Automobile (Shown Above). But There Remained Anna Urban, Moran's "Moll," Who Knew Too Many Underworld Secrets. Her Battered Body Was Found in the River Before the Police Could Get Around to Question Her.

By Margaret Murray
Who Was the "Bright Eyes" for Stephen Sweeney's Gang, Which Raided More Than 500 New York Speakeasies.
CHAPTER III.
(Continued from Last Sunday)

MEN of the underworld pretend to have great contempt for women. We are "janes," "skirts," "broads" and "molls." But every last one of the gunmen and gangsters is tied up with some woman. All the regular outfits have "molls"—one or more women to work with the gang, and they are really members of the gang. Some crooks, who work single-handed, do not use a woman in their business. A foot-pad who hangs around in a dark street waiting for somebody to come along to stick up, does not need a woman around. But he may need her to keep watch at his hide-out, and handle the watches, stick-pins and rings he brings home.

And there are other women companions of crooks, who know their men are criminals, but have no partnership in their jobs. The reader will be surprised at the number of women on the stage who are wives or sweethearts of professional criminals. Some crooks manage to get hold of quite a lot of money for a time, and they like the showy women of the stage just as much as a rich broker or butter-and-egg man. One of the best known crooks in the United States was married to one of the most prominent women on the stage. I am now thinking of Nicky Arnstein and Fannie Brice.

Steve Sweeney, leader of my gang, or mob, and also my sweetheart, looked up from his paper at me one afternoon and laughed.

"That's just what a woman is—a necessary evil."

He was reading a long article on taxation. People of the underworld like to read about taxes because they don't pay any. It makes them feel superior. Once in a while a very "big shot," like Al Capone, is forced to pay an income tax, but it usually costs more than the government collects. I didn't mind being called an evil as long as he said I was a necessary one.

It is true that a lot of crooks get caught through their women, but, usually, it isn't the woman's fault. Suppose things break wrong for a burglar or "stick-up" man, and he has to kill an ordinary citizen, which is bad, or a cop, which is worse. He "takes it on the lam" out of town just as fast as he can throw his feet, but he doesn't take his moll with him. He can move faster and hide better alone. But before long he will communicate with her, and, if he is crazy about her, take a chance on a visit. The "bulls" all know this, and they watch that moll like a cat watching a mouse hole. If they collar him, everybody says, "caught through a woman."

When one of us saves our man from the cops, and it happens every day, we don't dare boast about it. Only once in a while does the woman's services get into the papers as did the loyal work of Fannie Brice, popular actress, for her husband, Nicky Arnstein, underworld racketeer and brains of a gang that stole bonds from Wall Street messengers.

Fannie is one of the smartest women on the stage, yet she stoutly denied that she had any idea there was anything wrong with her husband. What she thought he did for a living I can't imagine, but I believe her. There is nothing so dumb as a smart woman when, for her husband, she has lost \$5,000,000 in bonds and disappeared at the same time, and there was a grand hunt for him from coast to coast, she began to have some doubts about Nicky. Still her loyalty

never wavered. When Nicky finally became broke and tired of hiding, Fannie went to New York's District Attorney and made a deal for her husband to surrender and be released on \$50,000 bail. Then she got Nicky's friend, Arnold Rothstein, the gambler, to put up the money. This done, she wrote her husband, who had been living quietly in Washington, D. C., all the time, to come back and give himself up. Both Fannie and Nicky said that they had been corresponding regularly, and that if the "dicks" had taken the trouble to open her mail in the Post Office they might have caught him any time. Nobody in the underworld ever believed that. Cops aren't usually that dumb, and certainly two such clever people as Nicky and Fannie wouldn't do anything so childish.

Fannie met Nicky at the station with her car, with no more bother from anyone than if he had been an ordinary husband coming home from a business trip. Nicky, I hear, was sad, but Fannie felt sure that he would "beat the rap." They drove away only to find crostown traffic tied up with the procession, and, with this princely escort, followed to the Police Headquarters, in Centre Street, where Mr. Arnstein surrendered with all the honors of war.

Fannie pawned her jewels, sold her car and borrowed every dollar she could to furnish him with lawyers, but Arnstein was convicted and sent to Leavenworth. Fannie kissed him goodby and told him she would be waiting when he got out. That happened Christmas Eve, 1925. Fannie was playing in Milwaukee and couldn't go to Nicky, but she wired him to come to her. He did, and they had a splendid Christmas Day reunion with their two little boys. Daddy was "home from business."

For awhile they were happy together, but then Arnstein again started to engage in questionable enterprises. Finally he left Fannie, giving as an excuse that he didn't like her face after she had her nose straightened. He naturally wouldn't like anything straightened. A few years ago she divorced him in Chicago, after he had been caught in an hotel raid with a blonde. Fannie had discovered that crooks will cheat. Nicky made a generous gesture and gave up his rights in their Huntington, L. I., home and other property, and allowed Fannie to keep the children. No alimony—crooks don't pay that tax either. But just a year or two ago Fannie found that Nicky had accepted a first payment on the sale of this home unknown to her, and she had to go to court to clear her title to the property. Crooks are careless in money matters.

Fannie probably would deny that she was a gangster's moll, but, anyway, she was a mighty useful "jane" to her Nicky.

It is tough enough when a man is being hunted, but it is ten times worse when the fugitive is a woman. A woman is naturally conspicuous,



Fanny Brice, Well-Known Stage Star, Who Was the Wife of the Notorious Crook and Jail-Bird, Nicky Arnstein.

her clothes are meant to make men stare, because the first step in getting a man to support a woman is to make him stare at her, just as women stare into shop windows before buying. However, it is not the staring men that bother the female fugitive. A cool rebut, if given at the very start, will send most any man about his business, but it is almost impossible to discourage a curious woman.

Without the slightest excuse one woman will ask another where she came from, if she is a wife or widow, if not married why not, and why she isn't busy looking for a husband. Is she working, and what is her job, and how did she get it, and, if unemployed, what is she living on?

There is only one way for the moll in hiding to shut these busybodies up, and that is to use such foul language that they back away in dismay. They then set her down as a street-walker, and may let her alone, but often even that does not work.

One morning the New York police found the body of "Chicago Frankie" Mario lying in a gutter near the foot of East Nineteenth street. He was thoroughly dead, having been shot six times and his head split open with a hatchet or cleaver. In one of his pockets was a key with the name of a hotel and the room number on it. Here was a first-class clue, but the police muffed it. Instead of going to that hotel and room, they called it on the telephone.

A woman's voice answered, asked what the bulls wanted, and when they told her, the lady hung up. It was Frankie's widow, Yvonne, who threw a few things into a grip and disappeared before the police, realizing their mistake, reached the hotel. For a week every city in the country was looking for Yvonne, but the New York cops made up for their original stupidity by a shrewd guess based on what they knew of the woman's character.

As a young girl Yvonne showed promise as a singer and dancer. While very young she was married to Harry Richmond, who later became famous as a night club owner, and then as a movie actor and entertainer. They were divorced some years ago, and Yvonne drifted around until she met Frankie Mario. They were married, and when Chicago became too hot for Mario he brought her to New York City.

Mario was a suspect in two well-known Chicago murders. He was first mentioned in the

killing of Tony Lombardo, one of Al Capone's right-hand men in the alcohol racket. Later he was sought by the Chicago police for questioning in the slaying of Alfred J. Lingie, Chicago Tribune reporter, whose life was snuffed out by gangland guns.

Although well known in the New York underworld, Mario escaped arrest in New York City. He was known as a rum-runner, liquor distributor and a "collector" from a number of Long Island speakeasies until the gang feud that always arises from these prohibition rackets got him "put on the spot."

Because he had been on the stage and married an actor, the police reasoned that like a stage folk, she would be hungry to do something spectacular and dramatic, and the likeliest place where she would be sure of a large audience would be the funeral, which was to be a big one, as many gangsters' funerals are, and to be held in the home town of Cleveland, Ohio. So they wired the Cleveland police to have a couple of molls watch the coffin.

Funerals are free, democratic affairs where any stranger is welcome to come in, cry around and, if it is at all swell, maybe get a drink and a bite to eat, with no questions asked.

"Funeral dips" have told me that there are funeral fans, men and women who show up, where possible, at every important funeral in their town. A "funeral dip," by the way, is a pickpocket who specializes on funeral crowds, is the most correctly dressed man present and has learned the professional graveyard manners of the undertaker. The dips, the funeral fans and the morticians soon get to recognize each other for who they are, but neither of the others points the dip out to the police. If they did the next funeral they attended would probably be their own.

This big Mario turnout it was not hard to plan a couple of bulls.

The body of the dead gangster lay in state at the family home, and, after the preacher had told everyone what a lovable character the deceased murderer had been, a quiet figure, heavily veiled in black, left her place among the mourners rushed to the casket and printed a kiss on the face of the dead gangster. Two policemen immediately left their hiding places in the room and seized her. The woman was Yvonne, come to pay a last tribute to the man she had loved and followed into the labyrinths of the underworld. This was what the New York cops had hoped she would do.

The funeral proceeded. Yvonne, escorted by detectives, was permitted to follow the body to its last resting place, then taken to police headquarters and locked up. The New York police were notified and they sent frantic wires to the Cleveland officials to hold Yvonne as a fugitive from justice. To make their case stronger they also wired Cleveland that she was wanted for grand larceny.

But Yvonne knew her way around in the underworld. She obtained a good lawyer and he swore out a writ of habeas corpus. When the case came before a judge she said it would endanger her life to be returned to New York.

"I'll be put on the spot or taken for a ride"

A "Gumman's Moll"

Margaret Murray, Who Was the "Bright Eyes" (the Lookout) for Stephen Sweeney's Hold-Up Gang, Reveals Secrets of Life in the Underworld—a Hunted, Miserable Existence, With Death or Disaster Always Threatening

THE gangster and the gunman have been glorified in novels, in the movies and on the stage, and the women of these bandits, the "gunman's moll," are presented as care-free queens who stagger under a weight of jewels and furs.

But Margaret Murray, who was a gunman's "moll," draws quite a different picture of real life in the underworld. She was the "Bright Eyes" (the lookout) for the gang and the sweetheart of the leader. It was a rather successful bandit outfit and managed more than 500 hold-ups in New York City without capture or serious casualties.

But the inevitable jealousies and conflicts arose inside the gang. Steve Sweeney, the leader, was executed by his own men. Margaret was present when the man she loved was "taken for a ride." She anxiously watched the newspapers and next day learned with grief, but without surprise, of the finding of his bullet-punctured body alongside the road.

And then Margaret had the courage to defy the law of the underworld—she told the police all about the killers and gave the testimony in court which put two of the gang in Sing Sing. She now reveals the truth of gangster life—a wretched existence, with rewards utterly inadequate to the risks, and a disastrous end which cannot be escaped.

she cried passionately in the courtroom.

The judge listened to the evidence of the detectives, and then ruled that neither charge was sufficient to hold her. She was immediately given her freedom, although New York detectives were even then on the train on their way to Cleveland. A New York assistant district attorney accompanied the detectives to Cleveland. He found Yvonne and questioned her. She would tell nothing, and, as it was now impossible to extradite her, the New York police had to drop her as a possible source of information.

Yvonne returned to Chicago, her old home. Of course, if she ever returns to New York she will be in danger of instant arrest. That will be true, because before the cops could notice her around the city the same boys who made her a widow would probably take

Lore Soderstrom, Like Fannie Brice, a Woman of the Stage, Who Was the Associate of a Notorious Crook and ex-Convict, William Easterday.

her for a ride. She knows too much to live in New York.

Yvonne had a lot of easy money tossed into her lap while Frankie was alive, but I'll bet she hasn't a dollar of it all now. And she knows that any day the gang in New York may hear a rumor that she is thinking of squealing. If so, they will send somebody to Chicago, where there will be another murder mystery with the cops of that town will understand but never clear up.

Most of the "big shots" in crime are rich one day and broke the next. If they happen to "get the bump" when broke, that, of course, is just too bad for widows, sweethearts and other dependents. But it is not much better if they get "conked" at their richest moment. When a business man dies he leaves a will, a house, a business, money in the bank and securities in the safety vault, all in his name and easily found. If his partners owe him money, it is all down in black and white, where they can't deny it. After the inheritance tax and the lawyers have helped themselves, the widow dries her tears and takes hers.

But the gangster has no estate and his will would be a joke. If he has any securities they are stolen ones which he hadn't had time to get rid of. Under different names he is always taking and abandoning safe deposit vaults as he is apartments. He may have left a fortune in currency in one of those boxes or in the hands of trusted and true crook friends, but it is 100 to 1 that his molls don't know about it. His friends will be honest with him as long as he is alive and "picks a rod," but as soon as he is stretched out in his bronze casket, with silver trimmings, that is something else again. Why should he turn over a big wad of "scratch" to a dead partner's "brood"? The only reason would be because

there is honor among thieves. All such honor stops the moment there is no longer any danger of its being enforced with a "gat."

"Who shrieked when Kosciuszko fell?" Steve used to say whenever he read of some supposedly respectable woman throwing a fit at the news of a gangster's death. When the London papers printed the sad news that Frank Marlow, a "big shot" gambler and no relation of Chicago Frankie Marlow, had been "taken for a ride," Dolores Farris, a featured dancer in the English company of "The New Moon," fainted back stage and was so upset that she could not go on for that performance at all.

Miss Farris had been an attractive 19-year-old show girl when Marlow met her two years previously. He sent her to the best instructors in stage dancing, and Dolores became an accomplished toe dancer. When Marlow's affairs came to be cleared up, as well as they could be, it was found that Dolores was under five years' theatrical contract to him, and that he had taken out a life insurance policy in her favor.

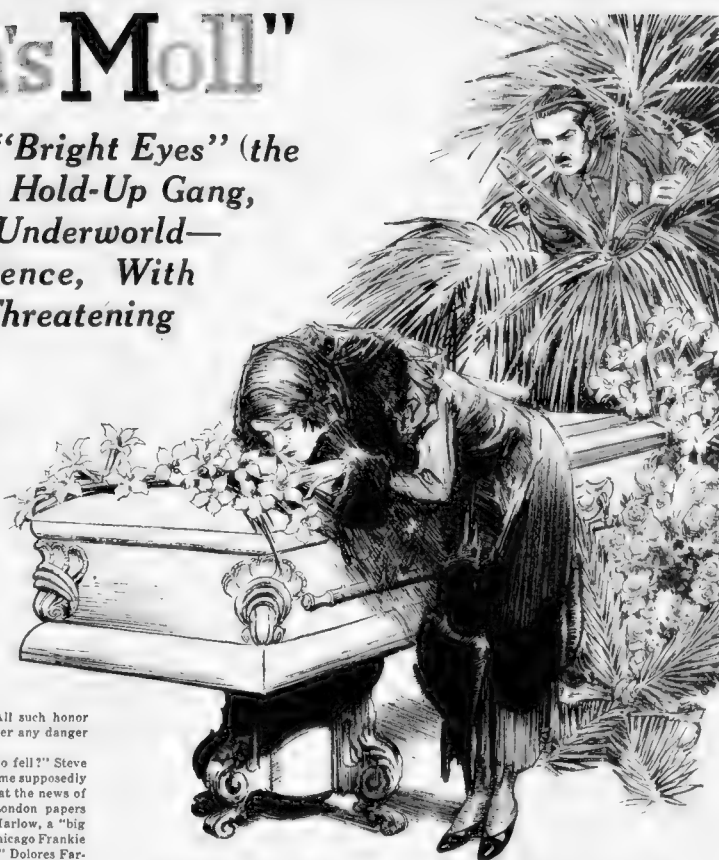
The night before Frank was taken for his last ride he had been the host at a party for Mary (Kick) Seiden, a hostess at the Silver Slipper night club, which was partly owned by Frank. The cops got glimpses of several other skirts fluttering away in the darkness, as they looked into the state of the murdered man's affairs. Mickey Winter, for several weeks as a material witness, but finally had to be released, and has dropped out of sight. Because Dolores had the good luck to be in London at the time of the crime, she escaped the painful experience of being asked dangerous questions.

Marlow, among other things, was a race-horse owner and associate of Arnold Rothstein, who had come to his finish shortly before the end of Frank's career. The passing of that king-pin gambler brought grief to many a lovely lady besides his wife.

As the acknowledged sweetie of Arnold Rothstein, the blonde and beautiful Inez Norton lived in a luxurious apartment in Rothstein's own hotel in the West Seventies. A few years before she had been an obscure member of a musical show chorus. She met Rothstein, captivated him, stole his love from his wife, and lived for years in the lap of luxury he provided for her. But when underworld bullets cut him down in the Park Central Hotel, in November, 1928, Inez was banished suddenly from her Cinderella's paradise. She was ousted from her expensive apartment, and for the first time since her chorus days found herself without a "protector."

Arnold had left her a \$150,000 trust fund and \$20,000 life insurance. She never got a dime from the trust fund, as Rothstein's affairs were found all mixed up, and there were so many other claimants who had more legitimate demands. After a long and expensive court fight she established her right to the \$20,000 insurance, but most of this sum had been eaten up in advance by the lawyers and court costs.

Miss Norton endeavored to cash in on her notoriety in a number of ways, but failed each time. She received a few hundred dollars for "revealing" for a newspaper her inside story with Rothstein. She went to Hollywood and tried to break into the movies, but the motion picture people would have nothing to do with her. In despair she took poison in Los Angeles in an unsuccessful attempt to end her life. She was next heard from in Florida, where she presented a



When Yvonne Heard the News That Frankie Marlow's Body Had Been Found in the Gutter With Six Bullet Holes and Head Split Open, She Instantly Realized Two Things—That She Was a Widow and That the Police Would Round Her Up Shortly. So Yvonne Disappeared and the Detectives Watched the Funeral. Which Was Held in Cleveland. And, Sure Enough, During the Ceremony the Black-Draped Form of a Woman Approached the Coffin and Kissed the Dead Gangster—It Was Yvonne, and the Officers Nabbed Her.

play called "What Really Happened in Room 349," the play being put forth as a solution of the Rothstein mystery, but it was a tragic " flop." If Inez had known anything to tell she would not have lived to tell it.

As I have said, people in the underworld always have something to worry about. If it isn't one thing it is another. Something that never bothered me any certainly got the goats of the men in our gang. Like most all he-men with money in their pockets, gangsters dearly love to watch prize fights, but almost never do they see one.

The reason is this. Unfortunately, cops like them, too, and in any important bout there is sure to be a generous sprinkling of them in the crowd. Between rounds they naturally study the faces of everybody sitting near, and so the poor crook has to stay at home. Steve and the others in our bunch were not so afraid of the cops, because, in spite of all they had done they had nothing on them except that Steve was wanted for not reporting on his parole, a small and customary oversight. But speakeasy customers are also fight fans, and some of the thousands they had robbed might be there and recognize them.

A gangster's moll is human and has to have some attention and entertainment. So Monday nights, the nights when business in the speakeasies is so poor that none of them is worth "sticking up," Steve took me to a show, provided we didn't happen to be moving that week, because Monday was also moving night.

Like the tired business man, he and the other boys enjoyed a girl-and-music show, which also suited me, and he didn't care what the seats cost. Still it is not much fun going out with a fidgety, uneasy man, and that is what a gangster always is in public. The sports that go to a high class speakeasy are the same ones who don't mind ruining a \$20 bill to see a revue. Many a time in the middle of a performance I have had Steve whisper to me from behind his program:

"There is a good citizen in the row behind 'burning me up.' I think he's got my number and will whistle a bull during the intermission. Squawk for the water."

With a heavy heart I would pretend that I was feeling faint, and in a rather loud voice ask Steve to get me a glass of water. He would look annoyed, but get up, get his coat and hat from the cloak room, and leave the theatre. In a few moments the rest of us would follow, the evening spoiled. At the movies we were not so worried, because the house was usually darker.

By the way, when we speak of a "good citizen" it has a special meaning. We mean a man

or woman who will go out of his way to see that a crook gets arrested, tried and sent up, even though the crook didn't take anything from him or beat him up. The underworld got that expression from their own lawyers, these "mouth-pieces" got it from prosecuting attorneys, who use it in addressing juries.

Fortunately for the underworld, "good citizens" are rare. Most bystanders who happen to see a job pulled off are easily made to forget it if they can be reached. All that is necessary is for someone with a grating voice to call a man on the telephone and tell him to reserve a room in a hospital because he is going to have his teeth kicked in so the jury won't be able to understand what he says. For a woman it is enough to ask which side of her face she wants slashed or which child she wants kidnapped. She can never make up her mind.

Our mob specialized in "sticking up" speakeasies and we rarely even considered any other line. "Let the shoemaker stick to his last" is better advice to the criminal than the honest worker. If the shoemaker goes into the delicatessen business he will probably fail, but what of it? He simply goes through bankruptcy, sticks his creditors and goes back to pounding shoes. But when a crook fails he most likely goes to the hospital or the prison or both—sometimes the cemetery.

We had lots of callers who were in different lines and they helped liven up the afternoons when we had to wait till dark before daring to show our faces on the street. Steve had once been a burglar, gotten caught and sentenced to Sing Sing. But he "knew his onions," persuaded the Parole Board that he had seen the error of his ways, and was soon out again. The error Steve saw was that he had worked as a burglar when speakeasies were so much safer and easier game. So he switched and prospered, but now he is in the cemetery, whereas if it hadn't been for the Parole Board he would still be in Sing Sing.

Listening to our burglar visitors, it seemed to me that they were taking a terrible chance and I wondered why they didn't all drop that dangerous game and get into ours. But to my astonishment they thought Steve and the others had an astonishing nerve to work right in a crowded, brightly-lit place and rob it with people looking on.

A burglar has the notion he must have privacy and gets stage fright if anyone is around. Some burglars must have darkness and would not be tempted by anything to do a job in the day.

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MRS. JONES



"GEE WHILIKINS, I LIKE 'EM MORNIN' NOON OR NIGHT. BOY, THEY'RE GOOD, AND MA SAYS THEY'RE GOOD FOR ME."

SNEED

"THAT'S RIGHT, IT'S JUST PLUMB FULL OF ENERGY AND YOU GET IT QUICK BECAUSE IT DIGESTS REAL QUICK. IT'S THE WAKE-UP FOOD, YOU FEEL PERT AND WIDE-AWAKE."



MATT THOMPSON

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MARTHA

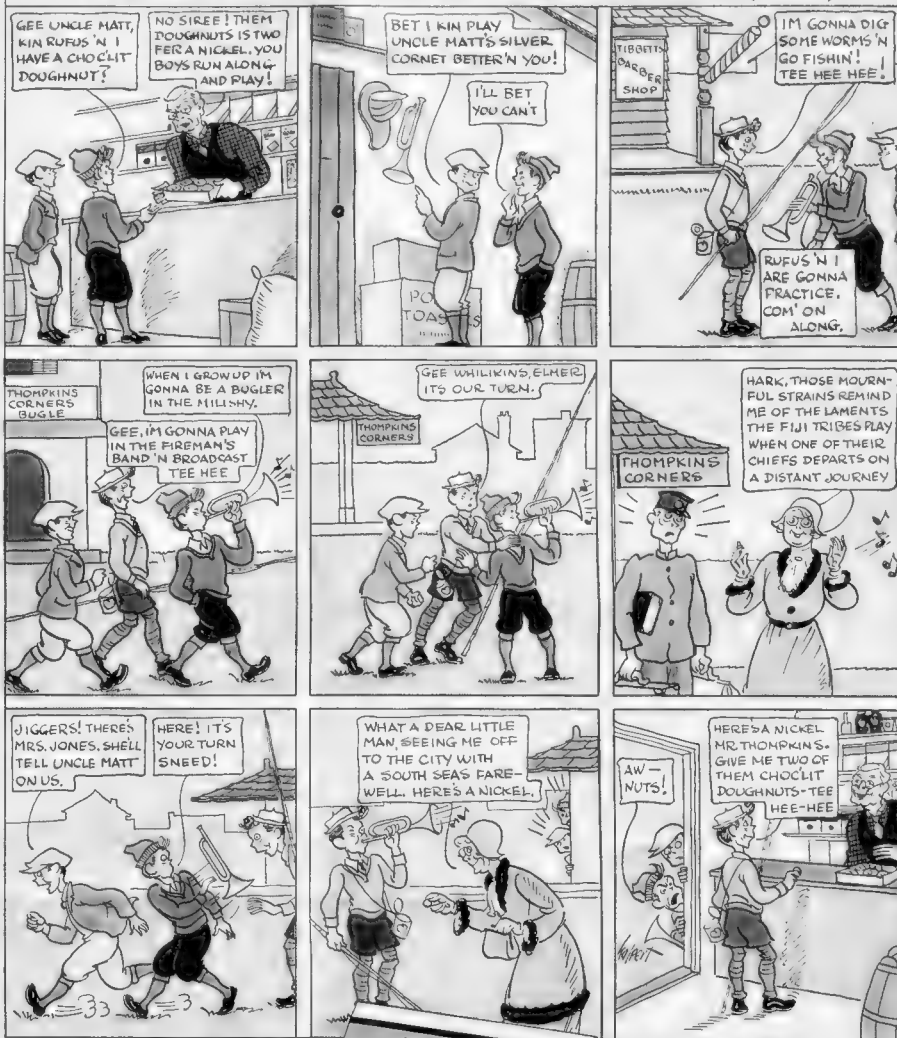
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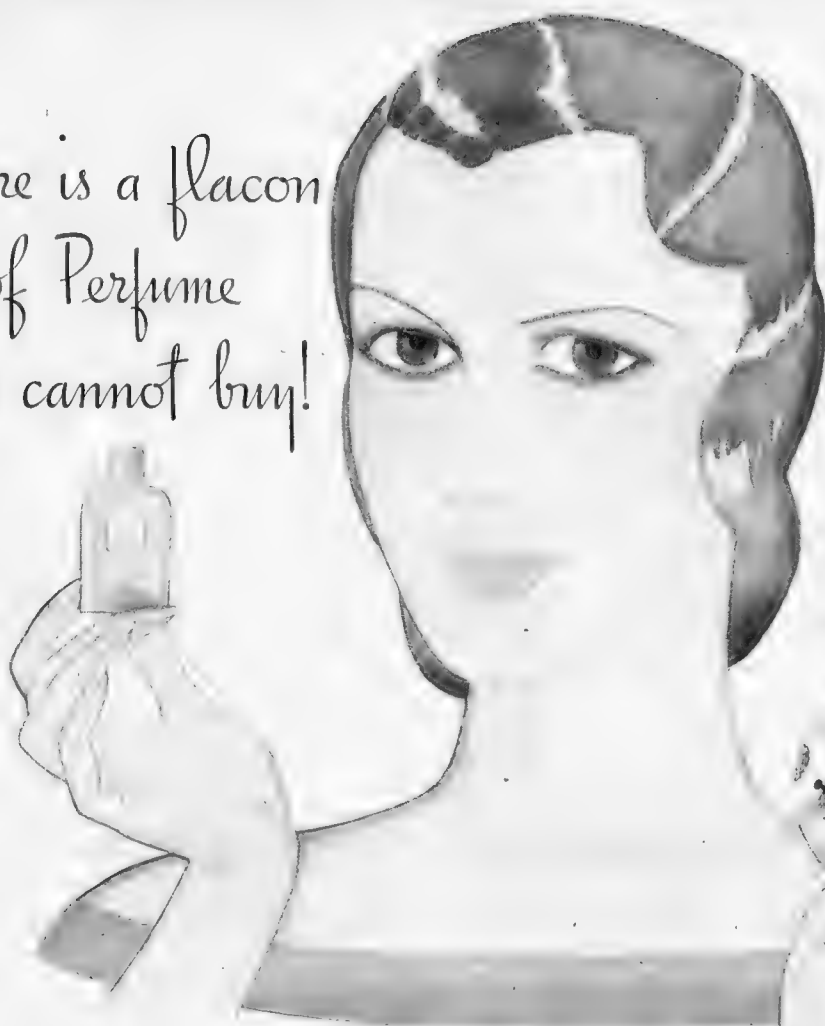
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(Continued from Page 18)

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A Chance Meeting

He was usually at the club. The woman he was to meet hadn't arrived yet. He had meant to stay on and chat with Janice. At least, that had been his intention when he arrived. But he had been so late that he had had to rush to his room. He had been so late, he had hoped, it might be difficult to maintain his accustomed selfishness.

He'd just settled himself in one of the club's best armchairs when he heard a voice say, "Come in." Mr. Ackery knew it was her when he entered, and he said, "Yes."

She murmured, "Think of the man." "Which was more

“I’ll have to explain. Hence our somewhat precipitous arrival. However, your engagement to charming Miss Mastland put the kibosh on that. Janice was rather hurt I fancy. Anyhow - he said the first thing that came into her head. She’s an impulsive little thing, but I’ll tell you - Noel didn’t say anything. He didn’t say anything for quite three minutes. Then he jerked out, “Great Heavens, what a nuisance I’ve made of every thing!”

“You have,” Kent grinned. “And she’s come to her senses. Still,” he added, reluctantly, “I’d

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A new improved method has been perfected by Dr. W. M. Scholl, noted foot authority, for treating corns, calluses and warts. It's double-acting! Stops pain instantly. Removes the entire corn or callus in 48 hours. This, especially Medicated Dressing, used in conjunction with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, gives you the quick, safe, sure results.

No Extra Cost! For this new, complete double-acting treatment. It removes the cause—corn friction and pressure; soothes and heals; prevents sore toes and blisters. Easy to apply. Get a box today. At all drug and shoe stores.

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Put one on—the pain is gone!

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LUCKY TIGER does the work

Prove both its safety and germicidal efficiency. For years millions

have been buying it at their druggists' and

hairdressers', and telling their

friends about it. A simple

application stops

that miserable itching

and restores the scalp to

its normal condition.

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To dress dry, unruly,

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Vegetable Hair Oil

It makes hair shine

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WHISPERED

DRY-UNRULY HAIR

(Continued from Double Page)

time. Others are afraid of the dark and do their burglaries only in broad daylight. Steve, who probably knew what he was talking about, said that the day boys were the wise guys.

Day burglars tackle apartments that they don't mind if the floor of the house and even her maid are there. All they ask is that nobody sees them at work, and that is easily arranged. Having learned in various ways, usually by seeing her display it, that the lady in apartment 8C has more jewelry than brains, the burglar finds out the arrangement of her apartment. This is done by gentlemen himself, all dressed up, or another member of his mob, accompanied by a well mob, who asks the renting agent or superintendent to show them what vacancies he has. The C apartments are all on the way he gets the layout in that way.

If he is really busy he can have a nice young man in a vacuum cleaner on the lady's rug and find out all about the place. Few women can resist the chance of getting something for nothing.

When the day comes for the burglary he enters the flat with a skeleton key, cuts the wires to the telephone and those to the various bells which are all conveniently together in the kitchen and then starts to ransack the place, certain that the maid is away at work and that the women are hanging out the front windows. He knows this because two male members of his mob are putting up a spectacular fight in the street below over a mull. A crowd gathers and finally perishes.

Even after the cop's appearance the show can be kept up indefinitely and the interest sustained because the mob and the woman who has played her part in the defense of womanhood can't make up their minds whether or not to prefer charges against the man who has played villain. Under this assurance the cop won't make the call. Of course the end, when the girl sees the burglar coming out of the apartment house, she decides that she shrinks from the publicity and the disgrace of cop and crowd scatter.

The wires are cut out so that no bell will call the woman from the kitchen. Just as the burglar steps out of the apartment he may run into a man who has been vainly pushing the button.

If so, he shuts the door, glares at him and demands:

"What are you up to? Why don't you ring the bell?" and goes his way ignoring the man's protests that he has been ringing it. Should the day burglar prefer to have the place to himself he makes sure that everyone is out by calling on the telephone. If someone answers, he says it's a wrong number. When a lady is bothered with an epidemic of wrong numbers it may mean that a dark man is about to cross her path and his object is not matrimony.

Daylight robbery is only burglary in the second degree, carrying a light sentence, hardly worth killing anyone to escape. It always seems to me foolhardy the way men and women would hold up ordinary stores. There was Virginia Wright, I want to make it clear that I did not know Virginia personally, but I heard of her from those who did, and always said she would not last.

Virginia, blonde and only 22, was queen of a mob of grocery store. She handled and the car they used and the next day six more. They were stopped by police in Brooklyn, questioned and arrested.

They were taken down and confessed. Detectives raided the hideouts the young "fist" men revealed. There they arrested Virginia and five more. Just a month later all were brought up in Queens County Court. Virginia was sentenced to three to six years and the ring leaders received sentences up to 35 years.

The same day, Helen Baker, a Long Island "hand" queen, was sentenced to Auburn for 15 years for her connection with another mob of kidnap men. I did not know Helen either—absolutely I wouldn't know her if she walked in the door.

These poor kids got tough breaks. If their men had stolen \$5,000,000, like Nicky Arnette, or decreed thousands with worthless stock, like William Easterday, they would probably still be in jail and wearing swell fur and fine clothes, like Lara Sorderson. Easterday's wife, Sorderson, was in the "Follies," and the stage to throw in her lot with her jaded husband.

Whenever there was a chance to meet some "big shot" of the underworld, it was naturally crazy to go, but Steve always killed the idea, growling that he had troubles enough. I always thought, of course, that he was jealous, but it was good judgment. Many a time I have been thankful that I did not get mixed up with Rothstein or I might today be one of the many men and women who had to be "rubbed out" for knowing too much about him—like Anna Urban, for instance.

That pretty little Jane came to New York from a small town and sat pretty in the night club. There she met and fell in love with Eugene Moran, former \$10,000 a week bodyguard for Arnold Rothstein. After Rothstein was murdered Moran took Anna to Monmouth County, New Jersey, where he got control of the slot machine net and engaged in both, booze-running and hijacking on the side. Anna is said to have accompanied him on some of his expeditions as his "Bright Eyes," or lookout. A girl on the front seat of a truck alarms suspicions of State troopers and police.

Moran went the way of all racketeers. His hardly-recognizable body was found in the charred remains of his \$10,000 car molting on the Newark dump. Anna Urban knew too much about his affairs, and he had known too much about the gambler. In a desperate effort to throw off Moran's enemies, she declined from address to address. But they found her. She was partially strangled with wire, weighed down with iron weights and thrown, still alive, into the Harlem River. No one was ever convicted of either crime.

This hijacking that Moran once engaged in was at that time the surest get-rich-quick game in the entire prohibition racket. If a hijacker was lucky and didn't get killed he might be a rich man in a few months and retire. None of them ever did retire, but some became "big shots" who thought they bore charmed lives and soon were even more rich than the rest of their victims managed to get out of the spot. Nowadays booze boats and trucks are so well guarded with machine guns that it is not much fun hijacking. It is too much like suicide.

I always suspected that my job of "Bright Eyes" out in the sun wasn't so nice and safe as they told me, and now I know it. I was running a chance of standing trial for most anything, even for the boys inside had to shoot it out with a fighting cop. Some people seem surprised that cops are to be found in speakeasies. Where do they imagine cops do drink?

The boys often ran into them in plain clothes among the speakeasies' customers. They are not very profitable customers, because they only pay for about one drink out of five that they get. It was embarrassing, but the boys all ways treated them right. Lined up with the others, with their faces to the wall, Handsome, who always did the frisking, would find the cop's service revolver. The cop, with his hands reaching for the ceiling, would growl:

"For some sake, don't take my shield and gun."

"Okay, Bull." Handsome would whisper back. "We don't want your badge and we'll chuck your rod in the corner when we go out. And say, Bull, don't forget we did that little thing for you in case we meet again."

To show his heart was in the right place he usually left the cop's roll, too. Of course, he unloaded the gun first in case he was going to be hurt. So he had a notion to run after him shooting. If a cop loses his gun and shield he is brought up on charges and is in a peck of trouble with a good chance of being fired from the force. Steve always said that a man was a lunatic who would not put up his hands when circumstances struck a rod on him. But some cops are fighting fools. What happened in Chicago recently could just as well have happened to me.

Two young girls, sixteen and seventeen years old, faced murder charges in Chicago for their part in a robbery in which City Detective James J. Caplin was murdered. With three young gangsters, the two girls drove to the Beach View Gardens and attempted to stick up the place. The two girls remained in the car, which was loaded down with firearms. The presence of the girls was intended to deter any possible searching of the car or its occupants. They were the two "Bright Eyes" for the gangsters.

But the hold-up was not a success. Detective Caplin happened to be present and immediately went into action. The boys shot him down and fled. They were quickly rounded up along with Maria Rayce, seventeen, the well-educated daughter of parents in comfortable circumstances, and Dorothy Evans, sixteen, one of seven children of a poverty-stricken father. The girls, so different, joined the gang for the same reason—to get rich. The boys pleaded guilty. The leader was sentenced to 99 years in prison; the other two got 50 and 20 years. The cases against the girls were not pressed, but may be if they again get into trouble.

Everybody who reads the New

York papers knows of the gang warfare between "Duke" Schatz, whose real name is Fleishman, and his former right hand man, Vincent Coll, who was recently machine-gunned to death in a drug store telephone booth. This feud, which cost a score of lives, was started over a mull named May Smith.

She was no Cleopatra or Helen of Troy, just one of the hundreds of pretty, small-town girls who come to New York, and failing to find any other employment, wind up in the taxi-dance halls where they have to dance with the girl receiving four to six cents and the house the balance on every tickle.

Like almost all these girls, she took on an underworld, sweet heart. Anthony Barelli was an insignificant member of a rum-running mob, a person of no importance at all. Neither was Vincent Coll, but both made a night, as May and her Tony were out of a Bronx garage, it was no great loss when a barrel of shots from a passing car killed them both. Some body had wanted May and not gotten her, so he bumped them both off, and what of it?

Only this, that District Attorney McLaughlin of the Bronx got the funny idea that Coll did it. That was a cockeyed notion because Coll wouldn't have wanted to land on a couple of two-spot kids. If he had wanted a little thing like May, Tony would have handed her to Coll on a platter and gotten promoted for his politeness. However, the district attorney had Coll and two of his men colored. As usual the police could not make out much of a case against them and after giving them the customary rum-around let them go.

But Coll for some reason got nervous in the "bullpen" and when he got out wore that his leader Schultz hadn't properly supported him with money and political influence. "D u t e h" hadn't bothered much because he considered the thing a joke, but Vincent was sure and there was bad blood between them. A gang leader has power only as long as he supports the members of his gang, no matter in what kind of trouble they get. Bitter words passed between Coll and Schultz, and Coll eventually broke away from the Schultz organization, and with other rivals of "Dutch" formed his own crew and began supplying outfit, and the war was on. Speakers after speakers were raised and beer truck after beer truck—97 in all—was seized.

Coll was finally put on the spot in the phone booth a few

weeks after he was acquitted of the Harlem "baby massacre." He celebrated his freedom by marrying Lottie Krushberger, who had long been known as his moll. Poor Lottie got a tough break—she hadn't been a bride a month

until she became a widow. Then she was convicted of violation of the Sullivan law because a policeman's revolver was found in her room.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

TEN MILLION PEOPLE HAVE "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

YOU MAY BE THE NEXT VICTIM!

Watch your step this summer; germs swarm in bathrooms, locker-rooms, around swimming pools

It's a pity but true. During the next few months this insidious infection called "Athlete's Foot" will prey upon countless new victims.

Wherever you go on outings, whatever you do—arm yourself against the disease. Take a bottle of safe, reliable Absorbine Jr.—douse it on your feet after every exposure to damp surfaces.

For it is one of Nature's ironies that the germs of "Athlete's Foot" should swarm in the very places people go to promote health—in bathrooms, on beachwalks, on locker- and dressing-room floors, on the edges of swimming pools, even in your own spotless bathroom. Play safe—arm yourself against the infection—check it

if you do contract it—with safe, reliable Absorbine Jr.

Neglect "Athlete's Foot," if you will, and see what penalty you pay! Although caused by the same germ, the infection may first show itself in several different ways. The skin may turn dry, scaly, white; perhaps red, raw. Then blister, crack open, and become so painfully sore that shoes cannot be worn.

Go to your druggist today for a bottle of Absorbine Jr. Above all, accept no substitutes. There is only one original Absorbine Jr., tested for effectiveness in clinics and laboratories. All druggists', \$1.75. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 397 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.

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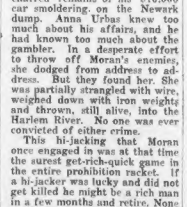
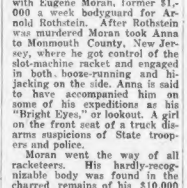
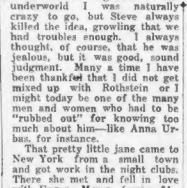


HOW DOES SHE DO IT?



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Use New Instant Rit! This new and safer way to tint will give you new dresses, new curtains, new everything. Just dip to tint... and the color lasts like a fast dye, through 50 washings and 3 months sun. You may have used Rit time and again... but New Instant Rit is utterly different! It is not a soap and requires no rubbing. It dissolves completely in 40 seconds, leaving no particles to break up or peel. There are 23 smart colors. Make old curtains new with Rit French Ecra. And use White Rit to remove



"Tease, Mother, HELP US OUT..."

AND MAKE THE THUMB AND FINGER TEST!

"Listen, Mother—it's no joke to be chafed all the time! It hurts—and it's all on account of the wrong kind of powder, that's what! So please help us out. Make the thumb and finger test—quick!"



be irritated by one of these powders! Now—try a little Johnson's Baby Powder... Feel the difference here! Feel how much softer and finer this powder is!—how soothing and comforting to your touch! What makes this difference?... Johnson's Baby Powder is made from the finest talc that can be obtained. Highest grade Italian talc. This talc is made up of soft, tiny flakes—but the inferior talc used for some baby

ASK YOUR DEALER ALSO ABOUT JOHNSON'S BABY

SOAP AND CREAM

Johnson's Baby Powder

Johnson's Baby Powder

Johnson's Baby Powder

Johnson's Baby Powder

Johnson's Baby Powder

(Continued from Page 14)

She was going to call to him; to wave, when another impulse drove out the first and she slipped quickly into concealment behind a tree trunk. Two days

She recognized him instantly though he was a hundred yards distant and his figure melted blurringly into the black depth behind him. Legs astraddle

While she ate countless fresh fried doughnuts, she told the cook that the next time she was a-wandering, she hoped to

vengeance on his murderer, to think of what that murder might do to her if he caught cutting his trail.

Arrived at last at the bo

girl!... Ugh! Curse you!"
She had sunk her teeth
into the covering palm.
He snatched away the
She screamed instantly.

*The Well-Known Writer
Lecturer on Cooking*

Orange Eggnogg.

BALD
Don't Give Up



DUST

FOR DUE

Cracker Toast.
SPLIT and toast large cracker.
Spread with butter.

**PETERMAN
ROACH FO**

GOLD DUST FOR DIRTY DIRTY →



ALL YOURS IN THIS
ONE PIECE
OF
PYREX WARE



THE gentleman whose portrait appears above is telling how a Pyrex casserole, when put to the task, can equal anything that a loaf pan or pudding dish can do...

But a fancy chef can't tell a good home cook much about the virtues of a Pyrex casserole... for this dish is first favorite in countless kitchens of the land...

Spaghetti, savory stew, rice pudding—chicken pie—usually have first place in the buy list of any Pyrex casserole.

But... baked vegetables and fruits—puddings—cakes and soup are all runners-up in the race for honors!

And kitchen duty's only half the tale, at that. For the covered casserole of Pyrex brand Ovenware is right at home on any dinner table.

Come from straight from the oven, and leave hot food hot!

To ease the climax, this dish, like all other Pyrex Ware, carries a two-year replacement guarantee against breakage from oven heat.

Two covered, oval and square Pyrex Casseroles, one shallow, one deep. Same design from the base. Individual to 8 quarts. Priced from \$6 to \$25.

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THE modern housewife, with all the magical benefits of automatic refrigeration at cold storage at her command, is likely to suppose that she can't eat any meat at any season of the year. True, but nevertheless

each food has its natural high season when it matures, is most flavorful, suitable and wholesome. "What the best answer to 'What shall we have for dinner tonight?' is: 'Choose the meat that is in season, and it will

be found also the most economical." Many a housekeeper finds a stumbling block in this. Is it some other animal—is there indeed a vegetable just as we have a lamb, a pig, a chicken? No, veal

is the young of beef, or, as the countryside so well recognizes it, just baby beef or plain calf. And its high season is now in the Merrie Month of May, when many young animals make their appearance.

But there is a great difference in the flesh of veal, the young animal, and the flesh of beef, into which veal matures some time a couple of years later. Best beef, the flesh of the best grade is fine-fleshed, firm and of a dark-red shade with a white or yellow fine grained fat. Veal texture is coarser, more rubbery, more moist and of a pronouncedly rose-pink shade. The fat is white, and there is very little of it, save the membranes enclosing the flesh. Veal is the least fatty of all meats.

But this moist and rubbery texture needs special cooking to make the flesh tender and edible and, particularly, digestible. There may be no hasty cooking methods like broiling and parting for veal. It requires slow and even cooking, on a sustained fire of low intense heat. That is why, perhaps, the most satisfactory method of veal is to cook it under dry oven heat, with pan-frying on a slow fire, and using a covered vessel as the best heat choice. Veal must be evenly and thoroughly cooked or it will not be digestible.

The shopper should avoid buying what is known to the butcher as the 'hot veal' calf and under a six weeks of age. Not only is the killing under this period unjustifiable, but the meat of hot veal is tasteless and still more rubbery.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann						
MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit Hot Cereal Baked Graham Toast Coffee Luncheon Cold Meat Cabbage Custard Tea Dinner Vegetable Casserole or Baked Macaroni Stuffed Chicken Salad with Lettuce Chickadee Compote Whipped Cream	Breakfast Fruit Scrambled Eggs with Bacon Luncheon Cold Meat Cabbage Custard Tea Dinner Vegetable Casserole or Baked Macaroni Stuffed Chicken Salad with Lettuce Chickadee Compote Whipped Cream	Breakfast Fruit Hot Cereal Baked Graham Toast Coffee Luncheon Cold Meat Cabbage Custard Tea Dinner Vegetable Casserole or Baked Macaroni Stuffed Chicken Salad with Lettuce Chickadee Compote Whipped Cream	Breakfast Fruit Hot Cereal Baked Graham Toast Coffee Luncheon Cold Meat Cabbage Custard Tea Dinner Vegetable Casserole or Baked Macaroni Stuffed Chicken Salad with Lettuce Chickadee Compote Whipped Cream	Breakfast Fruit Hot Cereal Baked Graham Toast Coffee Luncheon Cold Meat Cabbage Custard Tea Dinner Vegetable Casserole or Baked Macaroni Stuffed Chicken Salad with Lettuce Chickadee Compote Whipped Cream	Breakfast Fruit Hot Cereal Baked Graham Toast Coffee Luncheon Cold Meat Cabbage Custard Tea Dinner Vegetable Casserole or Baked Macaroni Stuffed Chicken Salad with Lettuce Chickadee Compote Whipped Cream	Breakfast Fruit Hot Cereal Baked Graham Toast Coffee Luncheon Cold Meat Cabbage Custard Tea Dinner Vegetable Casserole or Baked Macaroni Stuffed Chicken Salad with Lettuce Chickadee Compote Whipped Cream

American Weekly Patterns



A PLEASANT MODEL FOR SPORTS OR DAYTIME WEAR (7544). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 4 yards of 35-inch material, with 3/4 yard of 35-inch contrasting material.

A PRETTY EVENING FROCK WITH OR WITHOUT CONTRASTED SHOULDERS (7538). Designed in 6 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 with corresponding bust measure, 34, 36 and 38. Size 18 will require 4 1/2 yards of 35-inch material.

A COMFORTABLE JUMPER FROCK (7539). Designed in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 will require 1 1/2 yards of 35-inch material for the dress and 1 yard for the gumps and collar.

A DAINTY DRESS FOR A TINY MISS (7529). Designed in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. To make the dress for a 4-year size will require 1 1/2 yards of 35-inch material. The shoulder 35 inches wide. The skirt 44 inches wide, cut crosswise and pieced.

GIRL'S DRESS (7530). Designed in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. To make the dress for a 4-year size will require 1 1/2 yards of 35-inch material. To make yoke and band cuffs of contrasting material requires 1/4 yard 35 inches wide, cut crosswise.

GIRL'S DRESS (7532). Designed in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. To make the dress for a 4-year size will require 1 1/2 yards of 35-inch material. To make yoke and band cuffs of contrasting material requires 1/4 yard 35 inches wide, cut crosswise and pieced.

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Appetizing Menus for the Week

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit Hot Cereal Baked Graham Toast Coffee Luncheon Cold Meat Cabbage Custard Tea Dinner Vegetable Casserole or Baked Macaroni Stuffed Chicken Salad with Lettuce Chickadee Compote Whipped Cream	Breakfast Fruit Scrambled Eggs with Bacon Luncheon Cold Meat Cabbage Custard Tea Dinner Vegetable Casserole or Baked Macaroni Stuffed Chicken Salad with Lettuce Chickadee Compote Whipped Cream	Breakfast Fruit Hot Cereal Baked Graham Toast Coffee Luncheon Cold Meat Cabbage Custard Tea Dinner Vegetable Casserole or Baked Macaroni Stuffed Chicken Salad with Lettuce Chickadee Compote Whipped Cream	Breakfast Fruit Hot Cereal Baked Graham Toast Coffee Luncheon Cold Meat Cabbage Custard Tea Dinner Vegetable Casserole or Baked Macaroni Stuffed Chicken Salad with Lettuce Chickadee Compote Whipped Cream	Breakfast Fruit Hot Cereal Baked Graham Toast Coffee Luncheon Cold Meat Cabbage Custard Tea Dinner Vegetable Casserole or Baked Macaroni Stuffed Chicken Salad with Lettuce Chickadee Compote Whipped Cream	Breakfast Fruit Hot Cereal Baked Graham Toast Coffee Luncheon Cold Meat Cabbage Custard Tea Dinner Vegetable Casserole or Baked Macaroni Stuffed Chicken Salad with Lettuce Chickadee Compote Whipped Cream	Breakfast Fruit Hot Cereal Baked Graham Toast Coffee Luncheon Cold Meat Cabbage Custard Tea Dinner Vegetable Casserole or Baked Macaroni Stuffed Chicken Salad with Lettuce Chickadee Compote Whipped Cream

Tint or Dye It At Home With Tintex And Save Money!

Perfect Professional Results Assured!

Millions of women restore beautiful bright colors to faded fabrics in their homes and wardrobes with Tintex!

Or give them new and different colors just as easily!

Tintex gives any fabric any desired color at less than the price of a postage stamp. It works almost instantly without fuss or muss or extra trouble.

And it does beautiful dyeing and tinting with no streaks, spots or blotches—just like professional work!

See the Tintex Color Card at any drug store or notion counter. 35 colors from which to choose! Try Tintex today and save dying dollars for other things!

THE TINTEX GROUP—Tintex Gray Blue—Tintex and all materials.

Tintex Blue Box—For lace-trimmed silks—the silk, lace remains original color.

Tintex Color Remover—Removes old dark color from any material so it can be dyed in a new light color.

Whites—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials.

At all drug and notion counters 15¢

Tintex

TINTS AND DYES

Toasted Sandwiches AT HOME!

MAIL THIS COUPON

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

DO YOU KNOW THAT The American Weekly prints more than all the other non-fiction magazines combined?

"I'm going to.. WASH.. your FACE!"

"I COULDN'T imagine who Dick was talking about... until he showed me what was really a painted look on my lips!"

Men don't say much about that painted look! But it's the one thing they can't stand... and it's a built all too common with ordinary lipstick!

Tangee does this fault. It gives your lips rich, warm, glowing color that keeps unsullied the soft natural beauty all men admire. It cannot make you look painted... because it changes on your lips to the one color best for you.

Tangee never cracks, smears or leaves any sticky line. Its cold cream base soothes and heals your lips.

Tangee costs no more than ordinary lipstick. You'll find it at any drugstore or cosmetic counter. Or send 10¢ for purchase Miracle Make-Up Set!

TRY TANGEE LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

Send 10¢ for Miracle Make-Up Set

Two Ounces W. Lero Co. 410 Fifth Avenue New York, N.Y. A-95-51

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____



Check Your Mirror! Look Painted!

Tangee Rouge shows on the cheeks—just the color most becoming to you. It's only that the color most becoming to you. It's only that the color most becoming to you. It's only that the color most becoming to you.

Use the Tangee Rouge.

25



"LUCKIES are my standby"

CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

Cash in on Poppa's famous name? Not Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. For months he labored as a five-dollar-a-day "extra." Then he crashed into a part like a brick through a plate-glass window. See him in his latest FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE, "IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS." Doug has stuck to LUCKIES four years, but didn't stick the makers of LUCKIES anything for his kind words. "You're a brick, Doug."

"LUCKIES are my standby. I buy them exclusively. I've tried practically all brands but LUCKY STRIKES are kind to my throat. And that new improved Cellophane wrapper that opens with a flip of the finger is a ten strike."

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough
And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh

O. K. AMERICA

TUNE IN ON LUCKY STRIKE — 60 modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and famous Lucky Strike news features, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.